Spirit of the Times

OFFICE 157 BROADWAY. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1837. VOL. VII. No. 24.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A communication from "*Elsworth*," of St. Louis, is omitted, as an article on the same subject was inserted last week. We shall be glad to hear from him again.

"*D. Q.*" "had the last word" in the quarrel between "Fair Play" and himself, and that should content him. The discussion of the question at issue would only lead to a recrimination, and of our readers, not 99 in a 100, would take the slightest interest in the matter. Both sides have been heard; "D. Q." not only "opened the case," but "made the closing argument;" the case is submitted to the jury, and "that is the end of the worsted."

The publication of another communication from "D. Q." would only beget a wrangle. What *Cetus* cost, or whether or no *Priam* had any first rate mares, his first season in England, is of no great consequence now. As to the latter fact, "B." thinks he had, and so do we; but who cares a straw whether he had or not? Nothing but the strictures and allusions of "D. Q." prompted the retaliation of "B." Both have been provoked into a display of temper at times, that we have regretted, and hereafter we shall keep a watchful eye over not only their articles, but all others likely to lead to wrangling. Exceptionable declarations and personalities should be avoided, especially in articles having for their object the well being of the turf, and addressed to sensible, thinking men. It is no easy matter to write upon horses without treading on some one's toes, therefore tread lightly, and not stamp along rough shod. "B." and "D. Q." are favorite correspondents of our readers and ourselves, and if they were sensible how much disputations and personal allusions detract from the interest of their letters, we feel persuaded they would settle their little differences, if any should arise, good humoredly. If "D. Q." will try the experiment, he shall have no cause of complaint against "B." or any one else, if we can prevent it, and so far as these columns are concerned, that we are determined to do.

CONTENTS OF THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

The *First* number of the new volume, published on the 18th February, 1837, contained an *Alphabetical List of* AMERICAN WINNING HORSES, FOUR MILE HEATS,, during the year 1836—Reports of Races—Matches—On Dits in Sporting Circles—Essays on Blood Stock—Pedigrees, etc., and a great variety of *Sporting Intelligence.*

The *Second* number (25th Feb.) contained the Alphabetical List of *American Winning Horses,* THREE *Mile Heats,* with a great variety of Sporting and Theatrical Intelligence.

The *Third* number (4th March) contained the Pedigrees, Characteristics, and Performances of "the cracks of the day," including *John Bascombe, Post Boy, Mingo, Rodolph,* and *Linnet,* with the usual variety of other reading matter.

The *Fourth* number (11th March) contains a complete *Alphabetical List of Stallions* for 1837—(consisting of 123 of the most distinguished)—with several communications from Breeders and Turfmen in different sections of the country, and other original articles.

The *Fifth* number (18th March) contained a *Complete List of English Winning Horses* of 1836, at all distances, being the only one published in America.

The *Ninth* number (April 15th) contained the Alphabetical List of *American Winning Horses, Two Mile Heats.*

The *Twentieth* number (July 1), contained an Alphabetical List of *American Winning Horses* of 1836, at *Mile Heats,* with a variety of Statistics of the Turf.

☞ Back numbers from the commencement of the present volume, will be furnished to new subscribers if desired. Files will also be preserved at the office for binding, at the expiration of the year, for such gentlemen as wish it.

Things Theatrical.

KEELEY's farewell benefit at the Park on Wednesday was exceedingly well attended, and went off with eclat. They have acquired many friends during their sojourn in this country, and will carry with them to their native land the good wishes of thousands on this side the Atlantic.

Mr. SIMPSON, the manager of Old Drury, was greeted on Monday with troops of friends, it being the occasion of his benefit. No one has done more to sustain the legitimate drama, or to elevate the character of the profession.

LATHAM and Miss MELTON close their engagement this week, when ABBOTT and Miss HORTON succeed.

BARNES and Miss CHARLOTTE, who has grown still prettier, we are told, played for Mr. Simpson's benefit last Monday. The former is engaged here.

RITCHINGS' benefit took place last night. It was a good one if in keeping with his deserts. The Keeleys volunteered their services.

The *Bowery* was suddenly closed last Friday night, though the bills were up. It was high time. It is not yet determined what arrangements will be made for the September season. There is an *on dit* that BARRETT will be one of the new managers.

Richard was himself again on the bills of the *City* theatre for Monday last, but those of Tuesday were surmounted with a caption, stating it to be "under the entire direction of Mr. Cowell." This theatre has been opened about ten days, and has changed managers nearly every other day. No doubt each retired upon a fortune.

The *Vaudevilles* at Niblo's are nightly acquiring popularity under JOHN SEFTON's direction.

WALLACK is said to have engaged Miss SHERREFF, and two or three other stars of magnitude, for the *National.* There is an *on dit* that Miss EMMA WHEATLEY (that was, *Mrs.* ——, that is,) is to lead the business. HACKETT's beautiful drama of the Three Dutch Governors was nearly ready when the theatre closed, with the scenery and properties. It will be produced immediately after the opening, and we are sanguine of its success, not more from the intrinsic merits of the drama itself, than from the inimitable and sterling talents of Hackett, who sustains the prominent character. Mrs. SHARPE is likewise said to be included in the engagements for the National.

BARRY, of the Tremont, is in town, securing whatever of novelty and attraction there is to be had, for the ensuing season at Boston.

Among the passengers recently arrived from Liverpool, was Mrs. CHIPPENDALE, whose husband is now at the Park, and deservedly a favorite. Mrs. C. is probably destined to supply Mrs. GURNER's place.

PELBY re-opened the National, at Boston, last Monday.

Mrs. SHAW was playing at Nashville on the 17th inst.

HILL, the Yankee Momus, was at Cincinnati on the 20th, where he was playing to a good business, the papers say.

Master BURKE has been giving concerts at Louisville. That city is full of theatrical people.

Mrs. GIBBS was at Niagara Falls last week.

RUSSELL is in town from New Orleans, with his family. The *Orleanois* have said so many fine things of his pretty daughter, that considerable curiosity is excited to see and hear her. As to the manager himself and his lady, they are old favorites here, and would be cordially greeted.

COOKE opens his Equestrian Circus here next Monday.

Mrs. McLEAN is at Buffalo, where her husband has a beautiful establishment. She made a palpable hit at Montreal. Cony, Blanchard, Bruin, Hector & Co. succeed her.

PEARSON and SCOTT are playing at the Walnut-street theatre, Philadelphia. The Tyrolene singers are giving concerts at the Arch-street house.

Three or four managers are trying to inveigle PLUMER South and West. Don't go, Plumer, without you can make a fortune in two years. Remain here another year, and you will have few competitors, and can then make your own terms.

Miss CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN is engaged for the Park next season for a portion of Mrs. Hilson's business. We heard she was engaged at the Bowery, and are glad it is in our power to make this correction.

Miss CLIFTON has returned to town, after fulfilling highly flattering engagements at the West. She is studying her new tragedy by WILLIS, which is to be produced next season at the Park.

ELLEN TREE and PLACIDE are on a visit to the Falls, we believe, after playing to crowded houses at Buffalo.

WARD, at Baltimore, has produced *La Somnambula,* with Miss TURPIN, (Harry Wallack's wife,) Walton, Pearson, and a Miss MORGAN.

We perceive by the bills that Mrs. HAMBLIN has again assumed the management of the *Richmond Hill* theatre, which will be opened on Monday.

QUARTER RACING IN NORTH CAROLINA.

To the Editor of the Spirit of the Times.

NORTH CAROLINA, July 17, 1837.

SIR—Avocations which could neither be neglected nor postponed, have prevented me from redeeming my promise to furnish you with some account of the Quarter Races I have witnessed since my residence in this region. Devoted as I am to the legitimate turf, I have ever regarded the Quarter Course, Quarter Horses, and Quarter Racing, as unworthy the attention of the true sportsman. No great public benefit is subserved by their encouragement, for certainly no breeder would ever dream of breeding cattle of so little stamina, so little blood, and so little game. Dunghill in every way, they should be confined to the plough, for which alone they are fit, and where alone they can be useful to society generally. In this part of the world the legitimate turf has been long out of fashion, not because there does not exist amongst the population the disposition to encourage it, but because the public mind is swayed by an influence which deprecates it. The consequence of its abandonment is manifested in the defective figure of almost every horse in the country—the exceptions being importations from other parts of the country where attention is paid to breeding from good stock. The native stock is a miserable race of sand-hill tackies, more nearly resembling the llama than the noblest of the animal creation. Some of these, like every *little* animal thing, are quite "*piert,*" as they phrase it in the piney-woods, and can do three hundred yards or a quarter like a flash. Contests for that distance occasionally occur between them—and, at distant intervals, upon the occasion of the advent among them of a "smart chunk of an animal" from another district, quite an excitement is stirred up.

On one of these occasions, and on a raw, east-windy day in February, one of those useful means of transportation, called "a covered wagon," was seen to wind its way down the steep hill that skirts the western boundary of the town, into its principal and business street, not halting until it reached the very threshold of the Town House, the town's heart, as it were. Attached by a hempen cord, to the rear of this vehicle, was a small grey mare, upon which the eye of a "judge of horseflesh" had no sooner rested, then it became fixed there as upon a talisman. A delicate neck, and small bony head, were evidences that she had a spice, at any rate, of "gentle blood" coursing in her veins. She had a development of shoulder and brisket, and a coupling that would have graced a far better bred animal—with a display of muscle in her quarter, and a clean, sinewy and power-showing set of limbs, that showed her a filly of no ordinary speed. Immediately upon halting, the vehicle, the mare and the owner of the concern were surrounded by a crowd of the friends and admirers of the horse, gazing eagerly upon the form of the animal, and addressing numerous inquiries to the man touching her "birth, parentage, and education." One or two 'cute answers which he let fall to questions, attracted my attention, and I turned my eyes upon his countenance with the expression of which I was forcibly struck. It was decidedly the face you would take to belong to what is denominated in these parts "a *hard* man," by which is meant, "a devilish keen fellow at any game." He was rather under the middle size, phiz wrinkled and indurated, eyes, keen bluish-grey, sunk deep in their sockets, and overhung by a bushy clay-bank set of brows. His frame thin and scrawny, and lean and lank as a grey-hound's. His costume was linsey-woolsey walnut-colored trousers, coatee of the same material, with a coarse dark-gray woolen overcoat—his caput crowned with an "*elderly* looking" white hat, which looked as if had been crushed into a mummy more than once since it quitted the *boutique* of the vender, and which was now perched upon the head, looking "half a dozen ways for Sunday."

"Stranger," said one of the group, addressing the man, "what is the pedigree of your filly?"

"I hardly know, rightly," said he, "but I believe she's a Jolly Friar."

"Jolly Friar?—umph—I am acquainted with his stock. Was he descended of the old imp. Friar?"

"I b'lieve he was, Sir—I think they say he was a *son* of the old horse.—They're mighty fast for a quarter."

"What's the dam?"

"She, I reckon, sir, is a mighty good mar.' She's a old blind mar' Mr. —— fotch from Virginny. They say she's got first rate blood—any how she brings first rate colts."

"Can this thing run?"

A significant smile played about the corners of his mouth, when, as he cast a keen side-long glance at the inquirer, he answered,

"A lick or so."

And throwing his eyes again upon the ground, his hands thrust deep into his huge breeches pockets, he continued to rectify the irregularities of the earth around his toes, with a pair of broad-bottomed brogues that covered his feet—an occupation with which he had been constantly engaged during the colloquy.

'Would you make up your mind to race her, if an opportunity were presented?"

Another keen look was sent, seemingly to ascertain if the questioner addressed him through idle curiosity, or had the earnest intention of testing the speed of his filly, before he replied,

"Yes, if the bet's big enough to make it an object."

"O, - - - fifty dollars."

"By zounds! that thing ought to run. Hallo—let's take him up, and run the three-legged sorrel."

"Well—I don't care; I'd give a trifle to see the filly make a track—but my horse being lame, he ought to give us something. See here, stranger, if I take the bet, how much 'll you give me?"

"If your horse is lame, I'll give you thirty feet in four hundred yards."

"Say fifty, and it's a wedding."

"Very well—any thing for sport."

The race made, and money planked, both parties proceeded to adjust some little preliminaries before the time fixed for it to come off, (two o'clock in the afternoon).

A witness of the match, and considering, after the manner of the proverb touching half a loaf, that a quarter race was much better than no race at all, I determined to witness the contest. Accordingly, after hastily swallowing my dinner (at 2 o'clock!) I repaired early to the *ground.* I say *ground,* because there is no course of any sort in this vicinity, and necessity has compelled the selection of a portion of one of the high roads to serve temporarily as such. As might be expected, it is none of the best, since, in this, as in all other parts, where the general public are entrusted with the responsibility of keeping the highways in repair, no pains are taken to improve them. The portion selected in this instance, had the form of a chevron, the apex being about the middle point, and saliant from the starting point. The earth was saturated with water from heavy recent rains, and there were several large pools standing upon the road in the extent of the Course. Through some of these one or the other nag must necessarily run.

Soon after my arrival, the parties, the nags, and a large collection of spectators reached the ground. Preparations were incontinently made for the sport.—Judges were selected, of whom I had the honor of being one on the part of the filly. Associated with me on the opposite side, was one of those glorious little fellows whose whole heart and soul are wrapt up in horses, hounds, foxes, deer, and all sorts of game, and all the sports that give vigor to the frame and ennoble the mind. He was a little red-headed chap, about 5 feet 8, well knit, and *hard-looking,* and on account of the hue of his hair, had received the soubriquet of "Little Red." Upon this gentleman and myself devolved the office of measuring the distance, which we did by striding it. We sat off together in the performance of this service; but having an eye upon the pools in the road, I selected a position at the start which would enable me to steer clear of them without deviating sufficiently from a right line to make any great error in the measurement. Not so "the Red;" he was so occupied about the manner of measurement that the pools did not occur to him. Away we strode together, and it would have done you good to have cast down a glance, as I did, upon the sturdy little figure beside me, and to have been a witness of the eager devotion with which he stretched forth his short legs. Being of inches but little inferior to yours, it was a matter easy to me to step off at the rate of thirty-six inches the pace—but for "the Red" it was not so easy. Soon we reached a pool directly in the Red's path.

"Hold, 'Red,'" said I, "how will you avoid that pool?"

"Hoh," replied he, "I'll stride *through* it."

And, true to his word, splash, splash, went he through that and one or two others.

The track measured and marked, the nags were stripped and saddled. The "three legged sorrel," which did exhibit slight evidences of lameness, was backed by a little darky. The owner of the nag, for what object I could not perceive, unless it was to diminish his chances of winning, gave him two or three trials in anticipation of the race, each one of which increased his lameness the more; to say nothing of the blowing consequent upon it. The filly was bestrode by an object which, upon close observation, proved to be a small white boy. This boy deserves a passing notice. Inspection of his features showed lineaments closely resembling those of the owner of the mare—there could be no doubt he was a "chip of the old block," but no one could worm the fact out of him. He had evidently been well drilled—for he expressed an utter ignorance of the filly's powers; and to a proposition to him to ride the antagonist nag, he answered very quaintly, "he's a strange horse to me—I never rides strange horses, I'm afear'd they'll fling me." He sat upon the filly as though he were glued to her back, and quietly eyeing the crowd around him listened attentively to what was being said. Some one remarked to him, en passant, that his mare would be easily beaten. Forgetting himself at the moment, he exclaimed eagerly, "I'le bet you a dollar of it," then checking himself, he subsided into his assumed listlessness again. He was known by the cognomen of *Gourd, Joe Gourd,* but the bye-standers very quickly transformed it into "*Sugar-in-the Gourd.*" When orders were given to mount, little Gourd was seen to shed his coat in double-quick time, and flinging away his hat, he thrust out his foot to his father, with whose assistance he sprang lightly into his seat upon the filly's back, and busied himself in tieing his bridle-knot. This done he straightened himself up, and turning aside with one hand the profusion of long locks that hung about his eyes, he darted a look towards the opposite party which seemed to announce, although no words were uttered, his readiness for the contest.

The other party were not lagging, for the darky was up and ready. Catching Gourd's eye, he appeared to read his thoughts, and, giving the "three legged sorrel" a taste of the steel, moved towards him in a gentle canter. Gourd wheeled the filly, and coming up with him they proceeded slowly towards the starting point together. As they moved along, the little Gourd scanned the form of the antagonist animal with an eye that evinced experience, and made an attempt to pump the darky touching his speed—but in this he failed. The darky had been upon many a field before, and knew a thing or two—he rather turned the tables upon the Gourd.

Arrived at the starting point, the usual jockeying took place. There were wheelings and repeated wheelings, turnings and turnings again before they finally got off. At length away they rattle, Gourd, upon the filly, some ten or fifteen feet in the lead, guiding towards the dry and solid parts of the road, giving her a loose rein, and licking her at every jump as furiously as the power of his little arm enabled him to do. The darky was not less industrious upon the "three legged sorrel." He maintained his position very gallantly, quite to the half-way mark, where he suddenly gave way in his injured leg. For the remainder of the distance the filly had it her own way, and came out a hundred and fifty feet ahead, proving herself "the better horse," and confirming still further her owner's opinion of her powers. This gentleman, before the start, was seen to draw forth a packet from his pouch, unwrap a roll of figured elskins, and with a perfect coolness proceed to offer even bets upon fifty, sixty, seventy, and so on up to an hundred feet, from one to five hundred dollars. The "*vindictive looseness*" with which this operation was essayed, frightened the backers of the sorrel, and there were no takers.

Thus ended the first quarter race I have witnessed since my residence in this part of the country, and the first one I have ever adjudged. If you can make any use of this account of it, it is perfectly at your service. Yours, &c. B.

Attractions of a Country Fair.—"Valk up! valk up! everything as you see on this here pictur to be seen vithin alive. There's the vonderful fish, twenty-seven times bigger nor a vale, and art a tail to spare; there's the young lady from Constantinople, in Mericay, vith only three toes on her two feet, and no less nor seventeen fingers and five thumbs on her hands; then there's the vild hos no bigger nor a cat, and the biggest snake ever seed alive; this vonderful creetur twisted nine-and-forty times round the governor's house in the Ingies, and 'tis now mild as a hangel; any little boy or girl among you may scramble down its throat and back again vith perfect safety; varranted not to bite. About nineteen thousand other things, all equally vonderful, are to be seed in this hexhibition. Valk up! valk up! only a penny, and children half price. The vonderful dwarf, just arrived from Karabatoo; stands only twenty-one inches high; a reg'lar canibal, ladies and gentlemen; puts a box full of pepper down his throat, box and all, vith the greatest ease, and licks out a mustard-pot in the most beautiful style. Valk up, valk up; sich a sight was never seed afore, and can't by possibility ever be see'd again."

We learn from the Kingston papers, that the Barrifield Regatta took place on the 5th instant. At four o'clock in the afternoon, nine boats started in fine style. The competition finally was between John Lambert, of Long Island, in a beautiful white skiff; Robert Doke, of Ernestown, in a large and somewhat heavy red skiff; and James Eccles, of Long Island, in a long striped American built skiff. In the first heat these skiffs came in, in the order we have mentioned them. Six boats started for the second heat; and Eccles came in first, and Lambert second, beating Duke only by a length. The prize now lay between Lambert and Eccles, each having won a heat; and in the third heat, Eccles won easily. The prize was then awarded to him; and a purse of six dollars given to Lambert.—The race excited great interest, and the whole went off much to the satisfaction of the spectators.

"THE ROAD."

"The Road!" I hear somebody exclaim—"why Nimrod has told us all about that long ago—what can this be?" Very true; but I and Sam. Weller's 'pike-keepers, will convince you that you can be *tolled* about other roads. There's the Colossus of Rhodes—MacAdam—who has lately gone the road of all clay; but it is not about him that we would speak, although they say that the men who break stones upon the road according to his plan, are the best arithmeticians in the world, because they are so well acquainted with fractions. There are cross-roads—those are not the ones I select, and I hope my readers will avoid them—at any rate during the perusal of this article. The only men that have a right to be cross are the pike-keeper at New Cross, who naturally rails against the Greenwich railroad, and Mr. Cross, of the Surrey Zoological Gardens, who has failed in effecting a cross between a giraffe and an antelope. There's roads upon the turf—Mr. R. Rhodes we mean. And there's also Mr. Rush's Rhoda colt; the latter, by the bye, produced a pugilistic encounter. *Leg loquitur:* "What will any gentleman lay, Mr. Rush's Rhoda colt for the Derby? What will anybody like to lay agin Mr. Rush's Rhodocantha for the Oaks?" A clear-headed clod in the vicinity immediately exclaimed, "I'll lay you a pot as Mr. Rush never *rode a colt* for the Derby, and I do not much think as he ever *rode a canter* for the hoaks. I comes from Essex." One, two, in the face was the speedy and only reply. A gentleman picked up the innocent calf, and telling him to wipe his face, which was in half mourning, observed, "Do not mind it a rush—the colt is out of Rhoda, and will go back to a road, for it is of no use in good company."

Every *stage* has its road, as indeed it ought. There's "the road to get married," which is frequently performed at Gretna and St. George's with great success; dramatically speaking, it is a fair acting piece, full of bustle but sometimes a little too hurried. It is occasionally followed by "The Road to Ruin," a very fast road, and full of business just now. Our legitimate drama proprietors have been playing the latter for some time, and it has been so well known, that they have not taken the trouble to put it on their bills—alias, the turnpike tickets of that road. The *on dit* is, that the theatrical stage fills outside better than in, and from some of their best leaders having kicked over the traces latterly, few people will be induced to venture there again. The aforesaid leaders have put forth an appeal to a liberal public!—who ever heard of a liberal *public?* I never went into one in my life that I did not see an admonition over the fire-place, modestly suggesting that prompt payment prevents disputes. I never knew but one public in my life where trust was ever thought of, and the owner had been a private servant. The word "Trust" reminds me of the road. Why do they paint upon the turnpike gates "No Trust?"—it *is* a trust, and if one's understanding is not as clear as starch, might lead to dispute. Why not "No Tick?"—everybody would understand that, from a shepherd to a clock-maker. It must be spelt with a K, otherwise it might lead to blunders. A friend of mine walked into a shop the other day, meaning of course to have the articles that he might select put down, or in other words chalked up: his eyes fell upon a placard headed NOTIC—the final E being omitted as superfluous. My friend, who had taken the degree of B. A. with credit, thought he ought to receive unlimited credit from all tradesmen, abruptly quitted the non-trusting mart, as he thought it, muttering to himself, "I know what's o'clock! No tick, no go." But enough of this rhodomontade, let us get back to the road.

Know then that one fine morning I took the road—not as old Turpin did, armed with pistols, and mounted on Black Bess—but armed with a carpet bag, and mounted in the back-gammon board of the Heavy Safety, four in, twelve out, and the guard—Heaven forgive me for misapplying the word—mounted on the roof of luggage, fast asleep before we had proceeded two miles. "Now Joey, blow away, for 'em to know as we are a-coming," and Joey roused himself and blew, first his nose and then his horn—his nasal organ with his digits; and again he dropped into a dose, in which he still seemed conscious of his duties, for he snored loudly and with deliberation, as if he were performing a bugle solo. Coachmen and guards have so often sat for their portraits, and have been portrayed by such able hands, that I am almost tempted to abandon the task. The portraits already taken are sufficient to fill the new National Gallery—but everything in its place—mine shall be placed in the Old Original, for such was my hero; he was a caricature upon all guards that ever have been, that ever will be drawn. I do not allude to horse or foot guards, but coach guards. He was a substantive. He stood alone; but derived power from an adjective in the shape of a coach-wheel, which he leant against when the aforesaid wheel was not in motion—a second Hercules, reposing after his labors. Hercules had his club, so had the guard; the only difference was that the son of Jove always carried a club about with him, my hero contented himself with visiting his once a week. On my first introduction to him I was led to suspect, from the strong odor of juniper which he exhaled, that he had been taking his weekly spiritual exercise with his club the night before; and my suspicions were confirmed on his giving me, by leisurely instalments, the following piece of information. "Last night—this morning—club-night glorious—such singing—such drinking—all along—of that last glass—stronger than t'other—seven—'pon my life—believe—really—sartain—must have been—three parts gin." Confiding mortal! I did not enter into argument to disprove his assertion, I implicitly believed him; his hand under the influence of delight at the vocal power of his friends, or under the influence of the liquids he had imbimbed, had evidently not retained its wonted steadiness, and hence the error in the amalgamation. It was a fine sun-shining day, and yet he—I conclude from the recollection of the *wet* night he had passed—was encased in every species of protection from wind and weather, that had ever been invented. When he had cast his skins, which he did in order to pay his addresses to a leg of mutton with greater facility, he was more like a grub in the very interior of the kernel of a peach-stone than anything else. First came a prodigious oil-skin cape, and then a coat—coat is no name for it; had Johnson seen it we should have had an addendum to the dictionary. It was a covering of the thickest, coarsest, and *spongiest* material I ever set eyes on. From its having been wet two days before, and not yet dry, it presented not an apt illustration of that natural production between a ripe Swedish turnip and an unripe plum, styled the pulp of an October peach, which upon violent pressure gives but a slight quantity of moisture called juice; verjuice I call it. This was followed by a light snuff-colored garment, the color selected by himself, to match that of titillating powder, with which he ever and anon stimulated his olfactory nerves; what pleased his nose had also pleased his eye. The snuff-box coat opened, and disclosed a waistcoat of the same snuffy hue: it was one of those usually denominated stomach warmers, from extending over that part of the person, and protecting it from the inclement attacks of our climate. A continuation of the same hue and material extended to his knees, in the shape of a pair of inexpressibles—irresistibles as a lady mayoress called them by mistake—and a further continuation extended to two huge paddles, that supplied the place of feet. Then as to his face, he was the original proprietor of the nose from which the Irishman asked leave to light his dhudeen. To attempt to paint his face would be indeed a fruitless task, besides it was already painted deep red. I never heard of more than one artist who could have depicted it—Reubens; and I have my suspicions that even he would not have imparted to it ruby enough. His mind—"never *mind* about that"—his own phrase, his own mode of terminating every discussion that he permitted himself to enter into. His political opinions I am inclined to think were of the old school, inasmuch as he designated any person or object that ruffled his serene temper as "Rebellious Radical," or "Low Liberal Heels." The former appellation he applied to a gentleman—"gentleman indeed!" as he observed—who was bold enough to solicit another situation for his hat-box, which was swinging on the lamp-iron, and from gentle friction disclosed to us outsiders a new Jupp. An animated discussion ensued, but the gentleman was evidently in the wrong. In the first place, he was under an obligation to the guard, who had demanded a cigar from him, which request the gentleman acceded to, and in order to comply with his desire, requested him to hold his umbrella, whilst he got his cigar-case out of his pocket. A ship-load of cigars could not have repaid the suavity and grace which the guard displayed on this occasion. The laconic phrase, "Give us hold of it, and look sharp," was beautiful; it disclosed so much of that amiable disposition so much lauded by moralists, the love to oblige people who oblige you, and a fondness for activity of body as well as mind. He held the umbrella—there was an obligation; that he dropped it, and that the wheel passed over it is true, but that was an accident, and ought to have been overlooked. His response to the remonstrance of ingratitude was unanswerable,—"How can I do two things at once? I 'aint got ten hands, have I?" How correct again, he was not gifted with more than two! "How could I light my cigar and hold the umbrella too?—I did not drop it—it dropped down of itself—rebellious radical you are!" The gentleman would have borne the fracture that the umbrella had sustained, but the last phrase was what the port-fire is to the cannon—off he bounced like a bottle of spruce beer at Astley's on a warm night. He was a whig: and your whigs do not like to be thought or called radicals.

"Pray, sir, are you the guard?"

"I rather think I am; and what then, young huffy?" was the cool reply of my hero, who looked as indifferent as a tax-gatherer.

"Then if you do not remove that hat-box I shall not remember you."

Now, the guard, who as I before observed, was a lover of songs and gin-and-water, retorted with alacrity and acrimony,

"What! not 'A place in thy memory, dearest?'—then I shan't have nothing to thank you for."

Here was a specimen of brilliant repartee rarely met with in these degenerate days.

"You are a stupid fellow, sir; you have swamped your intellects in gin-and-water."

"Who made you a judge, young crab-apple? Whoever measured you for intellects cut his cloth terribly small to be sure."

"I shall not forget your insolence, sir, and shall inform your proprietors that you do not keep time."

"Keep time—time never kept me—why should I keep time? You keep your tongue warm, shut your mouth, mind yourself, nobody else will mind you, unless you gets a boy to mind you, as has been used to mind crows, and is in want of a situation."

Here I put a stop to the animated discussion by removing the bone of contention from its uneasy berth. The next opportunity afforded me of judging of his political principles was an unruly leader, who was rather averse to ascend a steep pitch; a "come up!" in a surly voice, and an application of his toe to the sides of the animal, were the only remonstrance used. The horse, who had never learnt that you ought to return good for evil, but had a notion of returning a compliment in kind, turned short round, and planted both his heels in my gentleman's stomach, and laid him on his back. The kick would have killed a horse, but what will kill a horse need not of necessity kill a man, as was proved in this instance, for he rose apparently unhurt, with an ejaculation of "Playful villain!—Low Liberal Heels!" and after giving admonitory hints to the Jehu, "to pitch into him, and that he would stand 'Sam' for a new point," he resumed his former station. Although his politics appeared to be high tory, his opinions on the church question induced me to believe him to be rather a trimmer. He appeared averse to all rates, except rating horses and hounds, and upon my soliciting him to inform me what he thought about pulling down the church, he bit his nail, and like many other great men prefaced his pithy speech with, "Since you ask me what I think about it, I will tell you what I think." A suspicion crept over my mind that he had not given it a thought until that moment. "I thinks, indeed I am sure, there is no harm in going to church;" in this we were unanimous: "and I tell you I have been twice to church in my life, and I hope I shall go agin. I went when I were christened, and when I were married, and I hope I shall go agin when I'm buried."

What force, what power of imagination was depicted in these few words! He evidently was a tolerant man, and evidently a lover of the church; he had been, and he wished to go again! We have visited the object we love, and if we are gratified we wish to repeat the visit; so it was with him.

I felt sorrowful when the coach drew up to lighten itself of my enlightened frame, but the best friends must part. After my friend had shown me every portmanteau, hat-box, and dressing-case, that the vehicle contained—because mine was a carpet-bag—and after some indistinct mutterings of thick-scull, which he of course applied to himself, I began to suspect that through my own carelessness, not the guard's, it had been omitted to be stowed away in the boot which was so large and capacious, that the giant in the pantomime must have been measured for it. Having at length obtained what I wanted, I trudged slowly away, casting one fond glance at the gigantic frame of the guard, the frame of body only equalled by the gigantic frame of mind therein contained. I fell into a deep reverie upon my good fortune in having met with so agreeable an acquaintance on the road, and was only aroused from it by my uncle's boy, who had come to carry my carpet-bag across the fields, and who not perceiving me was loudly whistling "Garde a vous." London (New) Sport. Mag. for May, 1837.

BATTLE OF THE BRANDYWINE.

We had been in the saddle about an hour, under the intrepid Pulaski, who with his own hands, examined our swords, pistols, and other equipments, as if assured that the struggle would be deadly and a long continued one. The day was one of the most beautiful that ever broke over the earth. We were about half a mile from the main body, arranged along a green slope, facing the west, our horses, about four hundred in number, standing as patiently as so many marble statues, until just as the eastern sky began to redden and undulate; and cloud after cloud to roll up, and heave like a great curtain upon the wind; and the whole heaven seemed discharging all its beauty and brightness upon one spot.

I happened to turn about, and saw the tall Pole (Pulaski) bare headed, tilting his horse like some warlike presence come up out of the solid earth, to worship upon the very summit of the hill behind us; it might be, (for the noble carriage of the man, the martial bearing of the soldier, would permit either interpretation), it might be in the awful employment of devotion or in the more earthly one of martial observation. But suddenly he reined up his charger, shook the heavy dew from his horseman's cap, replaced it and leaped headlong down the hill just as a bright flash passed away on the horizon, followed by a loud report and the next instant a part of our ranks were covered with dust and turf, thrown up by a canon ball that struck near the spot he had just left.

Our horses pricked up their ears at the sound, and all at once, as if a hundred trumpets were playing in the wind, came the enemy in advance. Pulaski unsheathed his sword, called out a select body, set off at full gallop, and to a more distant elevation, where he saw the enemy advancing in two columns; one under Knyphausen, which moved in tremendous steadiness in a dark solid mass towards the spot occupied by Gen. Maxwell; the other under Cornwallis, which seemed to stretch the right flank of our main body. Intelligence was immediately sent to Washington, and reinforcements called in from the post we had left.

We kept our position awaiting for a whole hour the sound of conflict; at last a heavy volley rattled along the sky, a few moments passed, and then another followed, like a storm of iron upon drum heads. The whole air rung with it, another and another followed; then gradually increasing in loudness, came peal after peal till it resembled a continued clap of thunder, rolling about under an illuminated vapor. But Pulaski, with all his impetuosity, was a General, and knew his duty too well to hazard any movement till he should be able to see with certainty the operations of the enemy in the vapor below.

Meanwhile, several little parties had been sent out, came in one after the other, with the intelligence that Knyphausen had broken down upon Maxwell in magnificent style—been beaten back again; but that he had finally prevailed, and that Maxwell had retreated across the river. A thin vapor had risen from the green earth below us, and completely covered the enemy from our view. It was no longer possible to follow him, except by the sound of his tread which we could feel in solid earth, jarring ourselves and horses; and now and then, a quick glimmering in the mist, some standard was raised above it, some weapon flourished, or some musket shot through it like a rocket.

About an hour after, a horseman dashed through the smoke on the very verge of the horizon, and after scouring the fields for a whole mile, within view, communicated with two or three others, who set off in different directions; one to us, with orders to hurry down to the ford, where the commander in chief determined to fall on Knyphausen with all his power, before Cornwallis could come to his aid. It was a noble but hazardous game, and Pulaski, whose war horse literally thundered and lightened along the broken and stony precipice by which we descended, kept his eyes warily to the right, as if not quite certain that the order would be countermanded.

We soon fell in with Gen. Green, who was posting, all on fire, to give Knyphausen battle; and the next moment saw Sullivan in full march over a distant hill, towards the enemy's flank. This arrangement would, doubtless, have proved fatal to Knyphausen, had not our operations unfortunately been arrested at the very moment we were prepared to fall upon him, man and horse, by the intelligence that Cornwallis had moved off to another quarter. It was a moment of irresolution, of doubt. It was the death blow of our brilliant hopes of victory. Green was recalled and Sullivan commanded to halt.

Hardly had this happened, our horses being covered with sweat and froth, fretting like chained tigers; and ourselves covered with dust, it being an excessively hot and sultry day, when a heavy canonade was heard on the right flank, and Green, to whose division we had been attached, was put into motion to support Sullivan, whom we had left some hours before. The truth now broke upon us lik a thunderclap. The enemy had passed, concentrated, we supposed, and fallen upon our right.

I shall never forget Green's countenance when the news came; he was on the road side, upon an almost perpendicular bank; but he wheeled where he was, dashed down the bank, his face white as the bleached marble, and called to us to gallop forward with such a tremendous impulse, the we marched four miles in 40 minutes. We held on our way in a cloud of dust, and met Sullivan, all in disorder, nearly a mile from the field retreating step by step, at the head of his men, and shouting himself hoarse, covered with blood and sweat, and striving in vain to bring them to stand, while Cornwallis was pouring in upon them an incessant volley.

Pulaski dashed out to the right, over the broken fences, and there stood awhile upright in his stirrups, reconoitering, while the enemy, who appeared by the smoke and the dust that rolled before them in the wind, to be much nearer than they really were, redoubled their efforts; but at last Pulaski saw a favorable opportunity. The column wheeled; the wind swept across the van, revealing them like a battalion of spirits, breathing fire and smoke. He gave the signal; Archibald repeated it, then Arthur and then myself. In three minutes we were ready for the word.

When Pulaski shouting in a voice that thrilled through and through us, struck spurs to his charger; it was a half minute, so fierce and terrible was his charge, before we were able to come up with him. What could he mean. Gracious Heaven! my hand convulsively, like that of a drowning man, reined up for a moment when I saw we were galloping straight forward into a field of baonets: yet he was the first man! and who would not follow him?

We did follow him, and with such a hurricane of fire and steel that, when we wheeled, our whole path lay broad before us, with a wall of fire on the right hand and on the left; but not a bayonet or blade in front except what were under the hoofs of our horses. My blood rushes now like a flash of fire through my forehead when I recall the devastation that we then made, almost to the very heart of the enemy's column.

But Pulaski, he who afterwards rode into their intrenchments on horseback, sword in hand, was accustomed to it; and having broken over them once, aware of his peril if he should give them time to awake from their consternation, he wheeled in a blaze of fire, with the intention of returning through a wall of death, more perilous than that which shut in the children of Israel upon the Red Sea. But no! the wall had rolled in upon us, and we were left no alternative, but to continue as we had begun.

The undaunted Pole rioted in the excess of his joy! I remember well how he passed me, covered with sweat and dust, riding absolutely upon the very points of their bayonets. But at last they pressed upon him, and horseman after horseman fell from our saddles; when we were all faint and feeble, and even Archibald was fighting on foot, over his beautiful horse, with another battling over his head, we heard the cry of "Succor! Succor!" Immediately we felt the enemy give way, leaning this way, then that, and finally concentrated beyond us.

"Once more!" "once more!" cried Pulaski, and away he went, breaking in upon them as they were forming; and trampling down whole platoons in the charge, before a man could plant his bayonet or bring his gun to an aim; our aspect as we came thundering round upon them, was sufficient; the enemy fled, and we brought off our companions unhurt.

I have been in many a battle—many an one that made my hair afterwards stand when I dreamed of it; but never in one where the courage was so dreadful, and fire so incessant as that which followed the arrival of Greene. But the enemy had so effectually secured his exposed points by ranks of men kneeling with planted bayonets, that we could make no impression upon, although we rode upon them again and again, and discharging our pitols in their faces.

John Neal in the Scrap Book.

LIFE IN THE BACK WOODS.

A Captain Samuel Brady appears to have once been as celebrated in the north-east part of the valley of the Ohio, as Daniel Boone in the south-west; but it is the historian that gives immortality to the hero, and no Timothy Flint has arisen to record his bold daring. A highly intelligent traveller, however, who has lately visited the State of Ohio, and furnished notes of his observations to Professor Silliman, has given us one or two remarkable anecdotes of him. The captain, it appears, held a commission in the army of the U. S. during the war of the revolution, and commanded a company of rangers who traversed the forests for the protection of the frontier; his father and brother were both killed by the Indians, and he was himself "an Indian hater," as many of the early borderers were.

Once (says the writer) when he and his little party were out in pursuit of the Indians, he was suddenly attacked by overpowering numbers, and their only safety was in a hasty retreat, which soon became a perfect flight. Brady now directed his men to separate, and each one to take care of himself; but the Indians knowing Brady, and having a most inveterate hatred and dread of him, from the numerous chastisements which he had inflicted upon them, left all the others, and with united strength pursued him alone. The Cuyahoga here makes a wide bend to the south, including a large tract of several miles of surface, in the form of a peninsula; within this tract the pursuit was hotly contested. The Indians, by extending their lines right and left, forced him on to the back of the stream. Having, in peaceable times, often hunted over this ground with the Indians, and knowing every turn of the Cuyahoga as familiarly as the villager knows the streets of his own hamlet, "Brady directed his course to the river, at a spot where the whole stream is compressed, by the rocky cliffs, into a narrow channel of only twenty-two feet across the top of the chasm, although it is considerably wider beneath, near the water, and in height more than twice that number of feet above the current. Through this pass, the water rushes like a race horse, chafing and roaring at the confinement of its current by the rocky channel, while, a short distance above, the stream is at least fifty yards wide. As he approached the chasm, Brady, knowing that life or death was in the effort, concentrated his mighty powers, and leaped the stream at a single bound. It so happened that in the opposite cliff, the leap was favored by a low place, into which he dropped, and grasping the bushes, he thus helped himself to ascend to the top of the cliff. The Indians, for a few moments, were lost in wonder and admirations, and before they had recovered their recollection he was half way up the side of the opposite hill, but still within reach of their rifles. They could easily have shot him at any moment before, but being bent on taking him alive, for torture, and to glut their long delayed revenge, they forbore the use of the rifle; but now seeing him likely to escape, they all fired upon him; one bullet wounded him severely in the hip, but not so badly as to prevent his progress. The Indians having to make a considerable circuit before they could cross the stream, Brady advanced a good distance ahead. His limb was growing stiff from the wound, and as the Indians gained on him, he made for the pond which now bears his name, and plunging in, swam under water a considerable distance, and came up under the trunk of a large oak, which had fallen into the pond. This, although leaving only a small breathing place to support life, still completely sheltered him from their sight. The Indians, tracing him by the blood to the water, made diligent search all round the pond, but finding no signs of his exit, finally came to the conclusion that he had sunk and was drowned. As they were at one time standing on the very tree, beneath which he was concealed,—Brady, understanding their language, was very glad to hear the result of their deliberations, and, after they had gone, weary, lame, and hungry, he made good his retreat to his own home."

On another occasion, in one of his adventurous trapping excursions to the waters of the Beaver River, or Mahening, which in early days so abounded with the animals of this species, that it took its name from this fact, it so happened that the Indians surprised him in his camp and took him prisoner. "To have shot or tomahawked him on the spot, would have been but a small gratification compared to that of satiating their revenge by burning him at a slow fire, in the presence of all the Indians of their village. He was therefore taken alive to their encampment, on the west bank of the Beaver River, about a mile and a half from its mouth. After the usual exultations and rejoicings at the capture of a noted enemy, and causing him to run the gauntlet, a fire was prepared, near which Brady was placed, after being stripped naked, and with his arms unbound. Previously to tying him to the stake, a large circle was formed around him, consisting of Indian men, women, and children. dancing and yelling, and uttering all manner of threats and abuse that their small knowledge of the English language could afford. The prisoner looked on these preparations for death, and on his savage foes, with a firm countenance and a steady eye, meeting all their threats with a truly savage fortitude. In the midst of their dancing and rejoicing, a squaw of one of their chiefs came near him with a child in her arms. Quick as thought, and with intuitive prescience, he snatched it from her and threw it into the midst of the flames. Horror-struck at the sudden outrage, the Indians simultaneously rush to rescue the infant from the fire. In the midst of the confusion, Brady darted from the circle, overturning all that came in his way, and rushed into the adjacent thickets, with the Indians yelling at his heels. He ascended the steep side of the present hill (now called Brady's Hill) amidst a shower of bullets, and darting down the opposite declivity, secreted himself in the deep ravines and laurel thickets that abound for several miles to the west of it. His knowledge of the country, and his wonderful activity, enabled him to elude his enemies, and reach the settlements on the south of the Ohio river, which he crossed by swimming."

London Athenæum.

SKETCH OF MR. E. BOND, THE HELL KEEPER.

Mr. D'Israeli, in his novel of *Henrietta Temple*, has sketched the char acter of Ephraim Bond, in some particulars, correctly, but take it altogether, the picture is too highly coloured. Mr. Bond is not the romantic genius Mr. D'Israeli represents him. That he is a man of extraordinary natural abilities, there can be no doubt; endowed with perseverance, and gifted with the spirit of enterprise; but Bond is not the man to deplore the meanness of his origin or his pursuits should shut him out from the respectable associations of social life. He is of a different spirit, and, perhaps, cares less for public opinion than any man breathing. He is not the egotist to style himself the Napoleon of the play world. He knows it is not so. Mr. Crockford may justly be said to be so; for, if success does not forsake him, he is very likely to eclipse, in speculation, his leviathan adversary and neighbour, Crockford himself. Mr. Bond, in the course of seven years, has amassed a princely fortune by play; within that period he has been the lessee of two metropolitan theatres, and the proprietor of a newspaper.

We state it not to his disparagement, but to his credit—for to his extraordinary industry and exertion, as well as good luck, he may attribute his present situation in life—that, eight years back, he was, comparatively, in poverty, young, and totally friendless, but possessing, as we have said, an enterprising spirit, and an athletic form, he embarked his all in the pursuit of gaming. Had he not been qualified to defend himself, in every way, from imposition, he would have stood but little chance of being a gainer by his speculative mode of living. If they had money to play with, Bond cared not who they were; he would sit and gamble with them; but he has often since observed, that he played with their money, not them. Many and many a braggart and cheat has grappled with his mother earth under the conquering and intrepid arm of Ephraim Bond, when detected by him in attempting unfair play, or other impositions.

In a small house, in Duke street, St. James's, Bond may be said to have laid the foundation-stone of the good fortune that has since attended him. Just prior to taking the house alluded to, he had been to a race near town, and lost about £600 to some officers in the Guards. He afterwards met them in the saloon of Drury Lane theatre. Bond respectfully recognized them, and mentioned his intention of opening a house in London. They made a promise to support him, and kept it. They visited his house in Duke-street, and brought with them their friends, who sported their cash freely against the bank of the enterprising hellite. Luck was with him:

"There is a tide in the affairs of man,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

In a week, Bond was a winner of £5000; with that and some little capital embarked by his brothers, he opened the Athenæum Club, 26 James's-street, and from there about twelve months since, he removed to the present splendid building, called Raggett's Junior St. James's Club, at the corner of Bennett-street, in St. James's-street, being the next house to Crockford's, not only in its situation, but in its appointments and company. In fact, the company that attend Bond's are the self-same persons who attend Crockford's. The members of every respectable club in London are eligible, and have the right of *entrè* at Raggett's Junior.

Bond, in his manners is an accomplished gentleman. He is admired by those who formerly knew him, from the simple circumstance of his always recognizing an old acquaintance. This is a piece of policy Bond never omits, and he also shows himself an excellent judge of human nature, for he knows well how acceptable is compliment to all grades. If he meets a man in the last stage of consumption, he will endeavour to persuade him he looks fresh and well, and has

ever been known to go so far as to ask if he has not lately come from the country, intimating that the freshness of his appearance indicates rude health. This is worldly candour, and worldly wisdom; but, withal, Bond has made himself a man of education and a gentleman, and, with the exception of Mr. Gully, there is not another such instance in the sporting world.

Mr. Bond has recently purchased, of a nobleman, an excellent and promising stud of race-horses. He will, indeed, be lucky, if his speculations on the turf are half as prosperous as those have hitherto been upon the board of green cloth.

The amount of bank put down at Raggett's Junior, is the same as at Crockford's viz:—£10,000, and the stakes are unlimited. The suppers and general appointments are upon precisely the same scale of magnificence. The game played is French Hazard only. The London Town.

AN ITALIAN GAMING-HOUSE.

As the friend of Captain Crant, to whom, as a British officer, the first houses of Palermo were open—society of the higher class was at Blandford's command,—but its uniform *dull* polish, its unmeaning gallantries, and shallow artifice of 'self-indifference,' from repetition, were become altogether trite and annoying. All was, in fact, too charming to please,—and he wished for something more stimulating!—Something where the sweets and the sours are mingled with a bolder hand, and Dame Nature wears the undress of 'comfort' and of 'sensibility!'—He wished, indeed, for what he was not very likely to achieve:—for the boisterous vulgarity of 'low life' is as irksome as the insipid frivolity of 'fashion,' and at last refusing either,—he chose something worse! and went into a gaming-house! The smell of oil,—the flare of lamps, the rattle of the dice, with vollies of exclamations, while the clink of coin told from time to time that tables were cleared,—at first gave idea of a thoughtless prodigality, amid a mere babble of confusion: but a second glance showed a method in the madness of the hour. As in all such places, the company were of two classes, the experienced, and the reverse. The 'novice' eager, passionate, and rash,—the 'veteran' self-subdued, keen, and decisive. To Blandford who beheld the scene with all the zest of novelty, and who had little prejudice, and no excitement in the matter, the frankness of the intercourse was something new and amusing. The party was obscured by the presence of many, who would not have been deemed admissible elsewhere,—and yet so absolute was the 'freemasonry of play,'—that a bet was on all sides an efficient introduction, while the payment of 'a debt of honour' seemed the compact of an eternal friendship.—The little conversation that passed was singularly candid and direct,—so that it seemed, that when the supremacy of the purse was duly maintained, that the tongue might have unbridled license; and that the honesty of a man's words were a fair excuse for the profligacy of his conduct. Many were evidently no more than gamblers by pretence; idlers, to whom the bustle of the scene was an excitement; and who lounged away an hour, rather to avoid expense than to incur it. As is often the case on the Continent, there were ladies present; and admitting the common place objections to the habit,—and which by the bye, are all sufficiently true, and equally dull: yet it must be confessed, that the mantling blush on glowing cheeks, and the lightning flash of radiant eyes, have still their influence,—so that hearts are sometimes as readily won and lost, as the glittering dross before them. There stands a young noble, pale and pensive,—no feature roused, no, not a muscle; except, that ever and anon, there rises on the lip an aristocratic curve of a slight disdain; and that, the sleepy fall of the eyelids implies abstraction from the present. At his side, with a smile of gay audacity, as if only conscious of his own 'importance,' and equally secure from chance of shame or danger, stands a young brigand from the mountains. A fellow who would repeat you a verse from Ariosto as he cuts a throat, and count his rosary with an unwashed hand! Free in attitude, and muscular as a young antelope, and with a picturesque costume of richest velvet, strung with gold doubloons, in lieu of buttons; he might pass as a symbol of his country's spurious lawless energy; even as that pale scion of her noblesse might show her blighted pride. It is as if the thistle choked the rose, in some neglected garden, where the richness of the soil might shame the culture: and so with Italy; what was, and should be, the flower and glory of her social order, are, in the hot-bed of a slavish luxury, grown dry and sapless: while weeds and funguses, from their very rankness flourish! grow rampant on the festering carcass of decay, and thrive in desolation. That diamond cross the bandit dallies in his hand, is grown a puzzle: shall he throw it as a stake upon the board, and stand his chance for that bright golden heat: that, did he once possess it, might give him the possession too of her he loves,—in peace and honour. Or, shall he place the glittering toy upon her breast, and leave it there secure, the pledge of that exotic hope that never may be granted. With faltering voice and burning blush, the fond, enamoured girl, has counselled for the venture! The tempting jewels flash upon the board,—the stakes are laid: the dice are cast!—as swiftly the adverse number has been told!—and love and fortune both are lost. Pale and motionless, the fair one stands irresolute;—her large full eyes no longer fastening with eager glances from their long fringed lashes on his face, as they could fascinate to love and transport: but sad, and half aversive, they are now communing with the ground. Her lover too, if yet in any sense he so remain, has felt to his heart's core, the base transforming influence of the cast. His hand is on the dagger beneath his vest, and a fierce doubt shoots through his mind, if that keen blade shall seal the fair dissembler his in death,—or, spurning her in proud indifference, he yet will win again the means to woo a bride more 'true,' if not more lovely.

Darkly delicate, and with an innate majesty of mien, that strength of character, when combined with the advantages of birth, inspire,—and after accidents of poverty and sorrow, cannot all eradicate, at a little distance sat a lady advanced in years, and, in every sense, the last sort of person that might have been expected in such a place. Grave, even to severity, and absorbed with the chances of the game, as if her life depended on its issue! she remained motionless as a statue: winning without a smile, and calculating on her ivory tablets from time to time, as if some specific sum, yet incomplete, was to be the limit of the irksome sacrifice of feeling and propriety that she endured; for it was evident that she considered both invaded by her present situation.

"Did you ever see the Lady Cornaldi here before?" The inquiry was made by an old gamester, of a companion who was standing near Blandford at one of the windows, and smoking a cigar. "Never but once," he replied, stepping on the balcony, and nodding to the other to follow him, so that they might converse with the greater freedom. "Never but once; and that was many years ago, and on the very night that the exiled Lord Montrano came back to Palermo on the death of his father, to find himself disinherited and a beggar, on the threshhold of his home!—yes, without a ducat to buy his supper, he turned in here to try his chance with the blind goddess; cast his diamond-hilted sword upon the table, and dared us, as we stood around, to stake a third its value against his single chance. He won, and largely: then risked the gold he had swept, jeering us on, to take his ventures, and still as strangely winning! Amongst the losers was her late husband, the Signor Cornaldi, then newly married. Flushed with the pride of blood and youth, he chafed upon his losses, and still staked on in desperation, until Montrano in honour would have shaken him off:—and half in jest, pretended that the title-deed of some estate he offered was incomplete unless his lady signed it. On the moment, Cornaldi sent a billet by his page to claim her instant presence: swift in the alarm of love, and haste of fear, with looks and dress disordered, a young and blooming bride, fresh from her bed she came. The shock fell on her, sudden as the 'siroc' on the rose, but still she bore it bravely. Pallid as marble,—but rather with shame for her heartless husband's folly, than from anger for the loss of the splendid wealth so madly squandered, she signed the deed in silence; and had resolved to share the fate of that last venture. The fool in mere bravado lost it!—and from that hour, his young and beauteous wife spurned him, as if a serpent, from her heart. Nor would she hear of reconciliation, although she bore a boy to mourn this sad estrangement. The father, self-blighted and prematurely old with disappointment, died obscurely. The son, taught and fostered by his mother, became a gallant youth, but with a taste for prodigality beyond her means:—and thus, having fallen on desperate courses, too soon he found a dangerous friend in the Count Montrano; and now they say, that the young Cornaldi heads a band of brigands who infest the other side of the Appennines.

ROYAL RUBBISH.

The French accounts of the progress of the Princess Helena, [just married to the Duke of Orleans, the eldest son of Louis Phillip,] are of a peculiarly interesting character. She is no longer an ordinary being: on the moment after the marriage was contracted she became a divinity. We have a full, true, and particular parade of all her sayings and doings from the hour she left her obscurity. On taking leave of her uncle, the Duke of Saxe Weimar, we are told that "the parting was an affecting scene." The Grand Duke twice embraced his niece, saying, "Adieu, my beloved niece." All present were in tears. How very sublime and touching is such a proceeding! But the French Government had recourse to the telegraph to communicate everything that occurred during the journey. As many of our readers may not have noticed the telegraphic communications, we take this opportunity of making them more generally known:—

Three minutes and a half-quarter past 6 o'clock.—The Princess is just sitting down to sea; she has ordered a round of toast and a rasher of bacon. Her appetite is remarkably good.

Seven O'Clock.—Her Royal Highness is at this moment wiping her mouth with a cambric pocket handkerchief, having concluded a very hearty meal. She has sneezed twice, and so has the cat which accompanies her.

Eight O'Clock.—The Princess is now seated at the hurdy gurdy, and playing the popular air of "Jim Crow." Her Royal Highness is laughing most heartily.

Nine O'Clock.—The Princess is gaping and preparing for bed; her Royal Highness has expressed her determination to say her prayers.

Ten O'Clock.—The Princess is in a profound sleep, and is gently snoring. Her features are remarkably placid, and there cannot be a doubt but that she is dreaming of his Royal Highness the Duke of Orleans. London Satirist.

Palmerston, on being asked why he appointed the noted Israelite, Hart, to the consulate of Leipsic, replied, "For the best of all reasons—the situation is one, strictly speaking, of a *jew*-dicial character."

RORY O'MORE.

Rory has been desired by his mother to bring a present for the priest from Dublin, which he concluded should be a pair of top boots, and relates to a traveller his adventures in quest of them, which we inserted a week or two since. The next best thing he could think of for his riverence was a *stick*, seeing one with a gold head in the hand of a stranger, which "gev him such an iligant look." He finds a shop, but the sticks are too *light*, and the narrative thus proceeds:—

"But why did you require such a heavy stick for the priest?"

"Bekase there is not a man in the parish wants it more," said Rory.

"Is he so quarreisome, then?" said the traveller.

"No, but the greatest o' peacemakers," said Rory.

"Then what does he want the heavy stick for?"

"For walloping!" said the traveller, choking with laughter.

"Oh! you may laugh," said Rory, "but 'pon my sowl! you wouldn't laugh if you were under his hand, for he has a brave heavy one, God bless him and spare him to us!"

"And what is all this walloping for?"

"Why, Sir, whin we have a bit of a fight for fun, or the regular faction one, at the fair, his reverence sometimes hears of it, and comes av coorse."

"Good God!" said the traveller, in real astonishment, "does the priest join the battle?"

"No, no, Sir! I see you're quite a sthranger in the country. The priest join it!—Oh! by no manes. But he comes and stops it; and av coorse, the only way he can stop it is, to ride into thim, and wallop thim all round before him, and disperse thim—scutther thim like chaff before the wind; and it's the best o' sticks he requires for that same."

"But might he not have his heavy stick on purpose for that purpose, and make use of a lighter one on other occasions?"

"As for that matther, Sir," said Rory, "there's no knowin' the minit he might want it, for he is often necessitated to have recoorse to it. It might be, goin' through the village, the public house is too full, and in he goes and dhrives thim out. Oh! it would delight your heart to see the style he clears a public house in, in no time!"

"But wouldn't his speaking to them aswer the purpose as well?"

"Oh no! he doesn't like to throw away his discoorse on thim; and why should he?—he keeps that for the blessed althar on Sunday, which is a fitter place for it; besides, he does not like to be sevare on us."

"Severe!" said the traveller in surprise, "why, haven't you said that he thrashes you round on all occasions?"

"Yis, Sir; but what o' that?—sure that's nothin' to his tongue—his words are like swoords or razhors, I may say: we're used to a lick of a stick every day, but not to sich language as his riverence sometimes murthers us with whin we displaze him. Oh! it's terrible, so it is, to have the weight of his tongue on you! Throth, I'd rather let him bate me from this till to-morrow than to have one angry word from him."

"I see, then, he must have a heavy stick," said the traveller.

"To be sure he must, sir, at all times; and that was the raison I was so particular in the shop; and afther spendin' over an hour—would you b'lieve it?—divil a stick I could get in the place fit for a child, much less a man." * *

"But about the gridiron?"

"Sure I'm tellin' you about it," said Rory, "only I'm not come to it yet. You see," continued he, "I was so disgusted with them shopkeepers in Dublin that my heart was fairly broke with their ignorance, and I seen they knew nothin' at all about what I wanted, and so I came away without anything for his riverence, though it was on my mind all this day on the road; and comin' through the last town in the middle o' the rain, I thought of a gridiron."

"A very natural thing to think of in a shower of rain," said the traveller.

"No, 'twasn't the rain made me think of it—I think it was God put a gridiron in my heart, seein' that it was a present for the priest I intended; and when I thought of it, it came into my head afther, that it would be a fine thing to sit on, for to keep one out of the rain, that was ruinatin' my cordheroys on the top o' the coach; so I kept my eye out as we dhrove along up the sthreet, and sure enough what should I see at a shop half way down the town but a gridiron hanging up at the door, and so I went back to get it."

"But isn't a gridiron an odd present?—hasn't his reverence one already?"

"He had sir, before it was bruk,—but that's what I remembered, for I happened to be up at his place one day, sittin' in the kitchen, when Molly was brilin' some mate on it for his riverence; and while she jist turned about to get a pinch o' salt to shake over it, the dog that was in the place made a dart at the gridiron on the fire, and threw it down, and up he whips the mate, before one of us could stop him. With that Molly whips up the gridiron, and says she, 'Bad luck to you, you disrespectful baste! would nothin' sarve you but the priest's dinner?' and she made a crack o' the gridiron at him. 'As you have the mate, you shall have the gridiron too," says she; and with that she gave him such a rap on the head with it, that the bars flew out of it, and his head went through it, and away he pulled it out of her hands, and ran off with the gridiron hangin' round his neck like a necklace—and he went mad a'most with it; for though a kettle to a dog's tail is nath'rel, a gridiron round his neck is very surprisin' to him; and away he tatthered over the counthry till there wasn't a taste o' the gridiron left together."

DIVIDEND DAY AT THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

To see the business done at the Bank to the greatest advantage, it is necessary to visit the establishment on the first day on which the half-yearly dividends are payable. The scene which is then exhibited is indeed worth seeing. All the apartments for the various kinds of stock, and the passages leading from one part of the establishment to another, are crowded with persons of both sexes, and of all classes. One may, on such occasions, philosophise to some advantage on human nature. A large proportion of those who draw their dividends on the first day on which they are payable, are persons who live up to their incomes, if not above them, and who choose to get rather into debt than to touch their stock. There are others who are misers, and whose sole delight consists in adding one sum to another. Such persons usually make a point of drawing the amount of their money the moment it becomes due; their eyes feast on the very sight of gold. Then, see the diversity of characters, and the varied circumstances of those that have money in the funds. You may, on dividend day, see persons receiving their interest on large sums, for whose entire wardrobe you would not give sixpence, and whom, had you met them outside, your first impulse, if you have any feeling of compassion in your bosom, would have been to give them a few pence to preserve them, as you would have fancied, from absolute starvation. Who would believe it, yet such is the fact, that among those who have large sums—in some cases two or three thousand pounds—in the funds, are the sweepers of the crossings in our leading London thoroughfares? The circumstance of a blackman, who for many years swept the crossing at the Fleet-street end of New Bridge-street, having at his death left a large sum of money to one of the late Alderman Waitham's daughters, because she had been in the habit of giving him something every time she passed, is well known to many. A more recent case of the money-accumulating propensities of these crossing sweeps occurred a few months ago. If a paragraph which appeared in most of the public journals was to be credited, the old man who swept the crossing for the previous twenty-five years at the Scotland-yard part of Whitehall, left behind him 1,600*l.* Let not the mention of these two cases of rich sweepers of crossings, have the effect of leading any one to the conclusion that all these gentry must have saved money. Perhaps nineteen out of twenty of them barely contrive to live from hand to mouth. I only allude to these instances as being opposite illustrations of my position, that on dividend day you will see at the Bank of England, drawing the interest on large sums, persons generally supposed to be in the most indigent circumstances.

The Great Metropolis, Second Series.

EXAMINATIONS IN LAW AND PHYSIC.—Our men folk, if they can't get through a question, how beautifully they can go round it, can't they? Nothing ever stops them. I had two brothers, Joseph and Eldad, one was a lawyer, the other was a doctor. They were talkin' about their examination one night at a huskin frolic, up to governor Ball's big stone barn at Slickville. Says Josy, when I was examined, the judge axed me about real estate; and, says he, Josiah, says he, what's a fee? Why, says I, Judge, it depends on the matter of the case. In a common one, says I, I call six dollars a pretty fair one; but lawyer Webster has got afore now, I have heard tell, 1000 dollars, that *I do call* a fee. Well, the Judge he larfed ready to split his sides—(thinks I, old chap, you'll bust like a steam byler if you han't got a safety valve somewhere or another)—and, says he, I vow that's superfine; I'll endorse your certificates for you, young man; there's no fear of you, you'll pass the inspection brand anyhow. Well, says Eldad, I hope I may be skinned if the same thing didn't e'en almost happen to me at my examination. They axed me a nation sight of questions, some on 'em I could answer, and some on 'em no soul could, right off the reel at a word, without a little cypherin'; at last they axed me, "How would you calculate to put a patient into a sweat, when common modes wouldn't do no how?" "Why," says I, "I'd do as Dr. Comfort Payne served father." "And how was that?" said they. "Why," says I, "he put him in such a sweat as I never seed him in afore in all my born days, since I was raised, by sending in his bill, and if that didn't sweat him it's a pity! it was an active post, you may depend." "I guess that ere chap has cut his eye-teeth," said the president; "let him pass as approbated. Sam Slick.

ON DIT.—That Capt. Marryat has finished a new comedy, which is now in the hands of our favourite, Placide. The captain has, if the story is true, taken the most effectual means to ensure its success. It must be a wretched piece which is damned with Placide for its principal character.

O yes—certainly! but the gallant captain has done no such thing. He has taken no effectual means to secure the success of a piece, and he has written no piece for Placide, nor has, of course, "our favourite" any such piece in his hands. Capt. Marryat has written nothing for the stage in this country except the nautical drama for M. Scott. Times.

TOM PATTEN'S EXPLOIT.

About the middle of January when the Grenadiers, the 28th, were on duty in Spain, a daring fellow, an Irishman, named Tom Patten, performed a singular feat. At the barrier there was a rivulet, along which our line of sentries were posted. To the right was a thick, low wood, and during the cessation of hostilities, our officers had again become intimate with those of the French, and the soldiers had actually established a traffic in tobacco and brandy, in the following ingenious manner:—A large stone was placed in that part of the rivulet screened by the wood, opposite to a French sentry, on which our people used to put a canteen with a quarter of a dollar, for which it was very soon filled with brandy. One afternoon, about dusk, Patten had put down his canteen with the usual money in it, and retired; but though he returned several times, no canteen was there. He waited till the moon rose, but still he found nothing on the stone. When it was near morning, Tom thought he saw the same sentry there who was there when he put his canteen down; so he sprang across the stream, seized the unfortunate Frenchman, wrested his firelock from him, and actually shaking him out of his accoutrements, recrossed, vowing he would keep them until he got his canteen of brandy, and brought them to the piquet-house. Two or three hours afterwards, just as we were about to fall in, an hour before day-break, the sergeant came to say that a flag of truce was at the barrier. I instantly went down, when I found the officer of the French piquet in a state of great alarm, saying that a most extraordinary circumstance had occurred (relating the adventure), and stating, that if the sentry's arms and accoutrements were not given back, his own commission would be forfeited, as well as the life of the poor sentry. A sergeant was instantly sent to see if they were in the piquet house, when Patten came up scratching his head, saying, "He had them in pawn for a canteen of brandy and a quarter-dollar," and told us the story in his way, whereupon the things were immediately given over to the French captain, who, stepping behind, put two five franc pieces into Patten's hand. Tom, however, was not to be bribed by an enemy; but generously handed the money back. The Frenchman was delighted to get the firelock and accoutrements back; and the joy of the poor fellow who was stripped of them may be conceived, as, if it had been reported, he would certainly have been shot by sentence of court-martial within forty-eight hours. Patten, however, was confined, and reported to Sir Rowland, and in a few days after was tried, and sentenced by a court martial to receive three hundred lashes. The British regiments of the division were collected at the alarm-post, when Tom was brought out, and his sentence read, and Sir Rowland in an excellent speech addressed the man and regiments assembled, on the unprecedented crime of which he had been guilty, justly observing, that the consequences of his imprudence might have cost the lives of thousands; but the general being informed of his gallantry on many occasions, from the passage of the Douro and Talavera, was pleased to remit the sentence, to the great delight of every one present. Paddy on his return to his quarters got three cheers from the company for his good fortune.

Caddell's Campaigns of the Twenty-Eighth Regiment.

The *Times*, in a bitter review of Miss Martineau's new work, rather unjustly reproaches her for a deficiency in "experience derived either from books *or men*." We hold it extremely unfair, and even immoral, to reproach a single lady for the lack of a thorough knowledge of the other sex. We believe Miss Martineau's moral reputation to be unimpeachable; consequently she does not deserve the licentious sneer levelled at her by the gin-drinking'st editor of the leading journal. We are certain, however, that she knows as much of the ways of men as a well-conducted spinster ought to know, and has undoubtedly discussed the population question with remarkable tact and delicacy.

Amongst the ways and means of extracting coin out of people's pockets, we observe that a M. Barre has announced his arrival with casts from the statues of two celebrated dancers, one of whom is Taglioni. The legs are said to be *portraits*.

Jack Westenra declares upon his honor as a jontleman, that there is not a bit of truth in the report that he married his grandmother. The fact is, that the old lady with whom he fell desperately in love was only sixty-three at the time of the union—more than three years younger than his ancient relative. How this world is given to calumny!

"Cannizzaro is much older than she appears," remarked *the* Duchess to Tournier, as she sat sipping her evening glass, "but she conceals her age by her skill in making up." "She very clever, my Lady Douchess," replied the fellow, "at her toilette—she make little go great way—she like *ewe* dat dress up lamb fashion." The Duchess, taking the allusion to herself, was so exasperated, that she threw a full glass of "cold without" full in Tournier's face.

RETIREMENT OF LISTON.

While from the stage (determination dire!)
'Tis LISTON's *serious* purpose to retire,
Those actors who've no *souls* no time should lose,
In making application for his *shoes!*
The favor of the town that man must win
To whom our Momus may bequeath a grin;
And to the goal of comedy advance,
Should LISTON lend him but his *countenance!*

"How do you make out that Victoria is a Major?" inquired the King of Barnard. "How can a female take military rank? I say she can't be a *Major*; or if she is, explain how." Barnard, eager to show a light, began, "Why, your Majesty, the thing lies in a nutshell." "A *nutshell*, does it? Why then zounds she must be a *Colonel* (kernel)." Sir Andrew declared this was *cracking* a joke with a vengeance, and William the Fourth himself confessed he was rather *nuts* upon it.

The Bonaparte Escutcheon.—"It is my wish in all things to be amalgamated with France. She is my adopted mother, and we will both bear the same shield." "Then," resumed Regnault, "you would make choice of the old Gallic cock, and he may hold in his claws a tri-colored standard?" "The cock," said Napoleon, "in spite of his good qualities, is not a sufficiently dignified representative of a great nation. We must have an animal more imposing, more emblematical of power, an elephant, for example, or a lion couchant, on the map of France, with one paw thrust forward to the boundary of the Rhine, and the device, *Gare á qui me cherche.*" "*Ma foi!* exclaimed Regnault, "but why should we determine limits, which the lion may show himself to overstep." Napoleon approved of this hint, and he began to think of something else. Regnault suggested the fleur-de-lis. The mere utterance of the word produced an effect almost electrical. "Never!" exclaimed Napoleon, "those ensigns of a proscribed family shall never again be seen among us. I am not the son of Louis XVI. I commenced a new dynasty, or rather I founded an empire. I succeed Charlemagne and the Cæsars, and I must have their emblems. The empire and myself will, therefore, adopt an eagle with spread wings, adorned with a thunderbolt."

THE OCULIST WILLIAMS, is edifying the citizens of Nashville, Tenn. with an "original letter" of Stephen Girard's, bearing testimony to his, the said Williams's, great goodness for sore eyes, and especially his skill in restoring optics after they are entirely gone. According to the letter the oculist out-Scudders Scudder. It was written, judging from the date, two years after the death of the banker, which renders the testimony more valuable, and perfectly disinterested. Mr. Girard is made to declare that he had been deprived of his sight for nearly *ninety* years! He was 81 years of age when he died. This last piece of impudence caps the climax in the achievements of this wandering empiric.

Philadelphia Gazette.

Qualifications of a Candidate.—A man resident somewhere in Indiana, has announced himself as a candidate for a seat in the Legislature, and, in his address to the public, sums up his qualifications as follows:

"I believe I was the first civilized man who skinned a coon, chased a deer, caught a bear, or treed a wild cat, on the west side of White river."

His views on the currency are not novel, but he seems disposed to go against hickory leaves:

"Fellow citizens, I am aware you are now satisfied that the salvation of us Hoosiers depends on having an honest man to represent us: therefore, I pledge myself, if elected, to regulate and render entirely quiescent the legal and natural currency of the country, to wit, coon skins."

NOT BAD.—The Down Easters are afraid the Western Prairies will depopulate their timber lands and *fishing towns*. The Bangor Whig says, "A gentleman who went west to look up a lot, after alighting at a tavern, and getting dinner, asked the landlord if the place was healthy—if he could get a lot of land cheap—how many inhabitants there were, and how long the town had been settled. He was answered that it was very healthy; that a certain lot 25 by 100, could be had for 26,000 dollars; that there were 500 inhabitants, and that the town had been settled *five* years—the gentleman walked about the town, visited the graveyard, and counted 1600 graves! He ordered his bill, packed up, and left the place as speedily as possible."

At the lady celebration of the 4th, at Cambridge, Ohio, Miss., Sarah P. Metcalf gave

"Parties in the United States—The best of all parties are WEDDING parties."

The Columbus, Ohio, Political Register adds—"We should be wanting in justice if we neglected to state, that the last toast was presented by Miss Sarah P. Metcalf. The hint is one which ought not to be neglected; and if some of the Cambridge beaux don't *ring* this *belle*, they deserve to grope in darkness forever,

"Without one ray from partial beauty."

Common Pleas—Tuesday—Alex. Campbell vs. Henry Sovereign, to recover a $100 bet on a horse race, which sum, in consequence of notice from plaintiff to defendant, the latter returned back to Mr. Camp. the stakeholder, and this was defendant's defence.

The Court charged the Jury that the plaintiff had a right in law to bring his action either against the stake holder or winner and recover the amount of the bet. Verdict for the plaintiff $100 and costs.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 29, 1837.

☞ Two advertisements of Sweepstakes have been forwarded to us, with the request that we would give them an insertion. From the tone of their letters, we have been led to suspect that the parties anticipate a compliance with their request, without charge. If so, they are mistaken, and the matter had better be understood at once. *No advertisement is inserted in the Spirit of the Times gratuitously.* We may have misunderstood or misconceived our correspondents—their favors are inserted, and will be charged to them, of course, at the usual rates, which they will see on reference to the imprint on the last page. Sweepstakes are no more matters of news than advertisements of Horses for sale, Races, etc., nor indeed so much, and everything of the kind when inserted will be charged for accordingly. We are perfectly willing to lend a hand to proprietors of Courses, and shall do all we can to contribute to the sport and their interests, but we cannot "work for nothing and find ourselves." There is no more propriety in their asking us to insert an advertisement gratuitously, than it would be for us to ask permission to run a horse for one of their purses without paying the entrance money. They would allow to do so, we don't think.

ON DITS IN SPORTING CIRCLES.

John Bascombe has terminated his season, and is in fine health and spirits, a friend writes us from Augusta. He was limited to a class of sixty-five, at $100 each.

We are glad to hear from the same city, that Mr. LACY is getting on famously with his improvements. When completed, the "Hampton Course" will be one of the most splendid in the Union. Mr. MORRISON brings out a strong string this season, as do several of his friends. HAMMOND has taken up his horses; *Hickory John* is looking finely, and so are most of his lot. Mr. WINTER's imported Tramp fillies are thought exceedingly promising, and Col. CROWELL has several young things from Alabama, that bid fair to succeed to the laurels of Lady Nashville and Bill Austin. By the way, a letter from Hammond, in another column, crowds our friend "*Zoloe*" of Kentucky into rather a tightish place. In a private note, Hammond says "Zoloe" is to train *Rodolph* for his match with *Angora*, (which we doubt, by the bye,) and adds that he thinks $200 that the mare will beat him if he does. "He will have Rodolph in such fine condition," writes H., "that nobody can hold him the first mile, nor drive him the second with a snake pole."

Arrangements are making at Alexandria, D. C., for a Regatta, at which several of our Whitehall Boatmen are expected. Orders from New Orleans and Mobile have multiplied recently for boats here, made upon the models of those in use by the associated Boat Clubs of this city. Their cost is about $300 each.

Mr. MAITLAND, the Secretary, has sent an announcement of the *City of Toronto* races, with a list of the officers of the Jockey Club, which will be found on the last page. He writes that they will be glad to see at their meeting any number of turfmen from the States, with their stables.

An effort is making at Fayetteville, N. C., to establish a Club. A number of gentlemen have subscribed who propose calling it the "Clarendon Club," after the river, which is known indifferently as the Cape Fear or Clarendon river. The soil is said to be admirably adapted for the turf. The site of the proposed course is midway between S. C. and Va., between which States there is and will be much turf rivalry, and the Clarendon Course would be a convenient point of meeting for the decision of matches. For this reason it would subserve the interests of both States to patronize it. The matter is in good hands, and we trust "the Clarendon" will go ahead.

Bass Fishing Extraordinary.—A friend has just told us a genuine "fish story" that is "true, and not above a day old." A few miles from town, just below the residence of Mr. PRIME, a number of fishermen were drawing a seine the other day, close by the side of a lumber-ladened sloop, from all the way down east, in that State of sin and misery yclept Maine. The master of the sloop, (a stout, lathy son of Hateful Parkins, or Major Downing, as likely as not,) was observing the process with great eagerness and attention. About Cape Cod, and pretty much all along shore, in those parts, it is customary, when a large fish is netted, to wade in and seaure him, as otherwise he would break the seine. "An Indian never forgets his blanket," they say; "talking of guns," the Yankee Captain, when he observed a big fish in the seine floundering about, was incontinently "put up to all he knew," in accordance with that favorite proverb of New England, which teaches "train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will make something out of it." Looking over the side of his craft, he observed a large fish in the seine, and his excited feelings needed no farther prompting to induce him to "go his death." Off went his hat and overboard went he, plump into the water. The water was deep and our piscatorial friend was among the missing for a few moments. At length he came up to the surface, spouting like a whale, with one hand grasped in the gills of an immense fish, while he made play for shore with the other. This was a game two could play at, thought the fish, probably, for with a sudden plunge, down went the Captain's head under water. The sport began to be so entertaining at this point, that fishermen and spectators refused to interfere, and so left the parties to have a fair fight. Now the Captain's head would emerge from the surface, and then down it would go again, like the float of a man perch-fishing, when they bite. It was too near a thing to be pleasant on either side. Finally the Captain's long legs did the business, for when he came where he could touch bottom, it was "all day" with the fish, who was game to the back bone, and made play to the last. After a desperate struggle, the Captain was "into him like a thousand of brick;" the "undying one" at length floundered, flirted his tail over his back, gazed unutterable things, gasped and gave o'er, and the Captain waded ashore with his prize as proud as a cock turkey in a ten-acre lot, having secured a *striped bass* weighing *thirty-nine pounds!*

KENDALL of Baltimore has taken up his stable. He has ten now in exercise. Mr. BOYCE has also a strong string. Col. SELDEN has a promising lot. A letter from a friend there, giving us a detailed account of the horses in training, etc., has been mislaid, to our regret, as we had intended to lay it before our readers this week. This explanation, we trust, will plead our apology to the writer for the omission of his entertaining epistle. We shall be glad to hear from him as often as his leisure will permit.

A BANTER.

CRAB ORCHARD, Ky. July, 15, 1837.

I will run my bay gelding, *Lewis Instin*, by White's Timoleon, against *Jasper*, by Columbus, for One or Two Thousand Dollars, Three Mile Heats, over the Spring Hill Course at Crab Orchard, on the 15th day of September next.

If this proposition is accepted by the friends of Jasper, the race can be closed by entering into bonds with approved security, for the forfeit, on or before the 15th August. The rules of the Spring Hill Course to govern.

THOS. M. KENNEDY.

There was a fine *Regatta* at Fort Lee last Tuesday afternoon, or rather two matches. The first was between six oared boats, and was well contested by the Gondola, Sylph, Wizard-Skiff, and Red Rover; the former winning by a length and a half. For the second race, the Echo, of Whitehall, Avenger, of New Jersey, and Brooklyn, of Brooklyn, all four oared boats, started. The Echo came in about three lengths a-head of the Brooklyn, and won the race. The distance rowed was about four miles and a half. Great numbers were in attendance from this city to see the sport. The Pavilion was crowded with various boat clubs in their uniforms, and visitors. Mr. Rogers was in his glory, and proved to the satisfaction of his numerous guests that he well knew how to minister to their wants.

The Boston Post needn't worry itself about our gun kicking us over when we load it for him. Can't the Post understand anything? We shall point the breech towards the game if it doesn't run before we can take aim. If it stands, the flash in the pan will scare it to death. N. Y. Gazatte.

The "*breech*" is the end the Gazette always turns toward its opponent. Boston Post.

Desperate.—A duel is threatened in Portland between the editor of the Argus and Mr. Dixon the vocalist—"*toe to toe with razors!!*" We fear that it will take place as the editor has sent up to borrow our hone. Boston Morn. Post.

☞ If our sporting friends, when engaged in their up-town excursions, would wish to be introduced to a snug little *crib*, where first rate refreshments for the "inner man" may be advantageously procured, we would cordially recommend to their notice the "Wallace House," on the corner of 19th Street and 10th Avenue. Mine host is a right good fellow, whose *draughts* (drafts), even in these dull times, are always duly honored. His wine is old, and of approved vintages; while for those who are more spirit-ual in their tastes, a canny looking keg, perched up in one corner of the Bar, will be found to possess very considerable attractions. By the bye, this same keg is understood to have once graced the "corner-cupboard" of Sir Walter Scott's library, at Abbotsford, and to have been held in no little esteem by its immortal master. To those among our friends who occasionally treat themselves to a boating excursion up the river, the information we have so philanthropically communicated above will be found to possess inestimable value.

PACING AND TROTTING AT CINCINNATI.

Mr. GATES has politely furnished us with a report of the pacing and trotting over the New Carthage Course, near Cincinnati, which was alluded to in our last. He says they are new beginners there, but have entered into the sport with a laudable spirit of emulation that promises to bring out some tip top cattle. We shall be glad to hear frequently of the sayings and doings in the sporting circles of the Queen of the West.

SATURDAY, July 15, 1837.—*New Carthage Course.*—Purse $250, with a Silver Cup, free for all *Pacing* Horses; ent. $20 each, added. Catch weights. Mile heats.

J. Stouts' b. h. *George*	1	2	1
M. Hamer's gr. m. *The Nun*	2	1	2
S. Bohannah's b. m. *Ann Merritt*	3	3	3

Time, 2:51—2:50—2:49.

SAME DAY.—Purse $250, and a Silver Cup, free for all *Trotting* Horses, under the Saddle. Ent. $20 each, added. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

R. Cream's b. m. *Jane*	3	1	2	2	1	1
M. Hamer's gr. h. *Rolla*	1	3	3	1	3	2
J. P. Merritt's gr. h. *Deaf Burke*	2	2	1	3	2	dr

Time, 2:49—2:49—2:52—2:50—2:53—3:00.

TO "ZOLOE" OF KENTUCKY.

AUGUSTA, (Ga.) July 17, 1837.

FRIEND P.—I see that your correspondent "*Zoloe*" of Kentucky takes great interest in my welfare. I regret the gentleman cannot figure in the Spirit of the Times or Turf Register as the trainer of winners, inasmuch as the circumstance is accounted for from his time being so much occupied in relation to *my* affairs. As he expresses so warm an interest for me, if he will come to Augusta I will try and place him in the way of a good thing. I am really sorry that one who professes so much friendship for me and mine cannot earn a reputation as a trainer, and that in proffering me his advice he should have thought it necessary, to assail, under this shallow pretence, my professional reputation.

Zoloe frequently alludes to my breaking down my horses. As regards this, break down or not, they won in a single season, (that of 1836,) to the amount of $35,000, having travelled Two Thousand Miles, and won eighteen races out of twenty-one. When my friend "*Zoloe*" comes up to this mark, I will rub out this score, and begin anew.

Zoloe trained *Hickory John* when he was beaten by *Miss Medley* at Macon; on his return his feet were in such condition, that he could scarcely walk, and he was otherwise sadly amiss. I then told Mr. WINTER that I could take him and win the match pending at the time between him and Miss Medley—at least I thought so to the amount of $500. The result is on record; although laboring under every disadvantage, (which "Zoloe" well knows,) Hickory John won his race handily, notwithstanding Zoloe said it was as clear as a hole in a ladder, that he was out of fix by my injudicious management.

Hickory John is still in my hands, and can beat *Miss Medley* again, or any horse, mare, or gelding in Kentucky, under the management of my critical friend Zoloe. And I shall be greatly obliged if Zoloe will come out with some of his Kentucky "cracks," and offer H. J. a race. It is so long since he has been fairly put up, that I should like to see him driven up to the handle, the more so as it would give my friend Zoloe some idea of time.

As regards knocking up my stable, I deny the allegations of Zoloe; nor have they broke down, except in two instances, as Col. CROWELL will attest. *Lady Nashville* and *Bill Austin*, both good ones, were unfortunate. Bill Austin retired from the turf for this reason, namely: in a brush between him and *John Bascombe*, about a fortnight before the great *Argyle* match, when both were in fine condition, Bill Austin struck upon a brick covered over with dust, lying in the track, and with such force as to smash it to atoms. From the astonishing rate he was going, it is wonderful he did not break his legs off at the knee. Col. Crowell was present at the time, and I at once informed him of the result that must inevitably ensue, and so it proved. This is what I deem an *accident*. I wish all my friends could have seen the memorable brush of that morning, for I well know that the stroke of my favorites on that occasion would have beaten anything that ever started in the country. The noble, high-mettled champions were both in prime order, and struck out alike in masterly style. It was a sight, friend P., that would have given you unmingled delight, as it would every admirer of the most noble and generous of animals—such an one, too, by the by, as Zoloe never witnessed.

As to *Eliza Branch*, I have only to say, she got crippled in a race at Lowndes County, Ala., when ahead, and winning in hand, by a gentleman's horse, which being frightened, ran away with him into the track about twenty yards from the stand. Eliza ran directly against him, which threw her, and very nearly killed her and her rider. I consider this also an accident.

As to *Bolivia*—In Baltimore, before Col. Crowell bought her, in giving her a brush the girths broke, and she fell with her rider, and we thought both were killed. Col. JOHNSON was present, and saw the whole affair. The consequence was that the filly's foreleg became awfully swollen, and has never since been well. This also I call an accident.

As to *Robin Hood*, he was lame before Col. Crowell bought him, and I was told by his owner personally, that he was fearful he would never entirely recover, and Col. JOHN MCCARTY informed me that the reason he bet against him was on account of his lameness.

As for the invincible *John Bascombe*, the Champion of the South, the Conqueror of the North, and the Winner of that glorious trophy, the *Saddle of Eclipse*, he never has broke down, and never lost a heat after coming into my hands. After a series of victories unparalleled, his owner challenged the world, at the same time giving notice, that if the same was not accepted before Jan., 1837, (about four months,) in accordance with the wishes of his friends, John Bascombe would be withdrawn from the turf as the *Champion of America*, that himself and friends might have the use of his services in the breeding stud. This challenge was not accepted, and with the close of the year in which he had so signally distinguished himself, his stock, his breeder, and his native State, closed also his racing career.

With the simple remark that *Pennoyer* was never in my stable, as Zoloe is well aware, I take my leave of one who has gratuitously endeavored to injure my professional reputation, under the firm conviction that the public, and all those whose good opinion is worth striving for, will do me justice.

Your friend, M. L. HAMMOND.

PEDIGREE OF ARBACES.

TROY (near St. Francisville,) La., July 3, 1837.

Dear Sir,—In the Spirit of the Times of the 10th June, you request to be informed of the true pedigree of *Arbaces*, owned by Judge CHINN and myself.

Arbaces was bred by JAMES ERWIN, Esq., (son-in-law of HENRY CLAY), of Lexington, Ky. The following is his pedigree as given by Mr. Erwin:—

"He was dropped on the 1st day of April, 1833. Got by Old Bertrand, dam called by me *Virginia*, but more generally designated as the dam of the celebrated mare *Multiflora*, bred by Col. SINGLETON, of S. Carolina. Virginia by Roscicrucian, (he by Imp. Dragon, out of Imp. mare Anvalina,) her grandam by Young Bedford, g. grandam Arion, g. g. grandam by Brilliant. Young Bedford by Imp. Bedford. Arion was got by Polyphemus, dam by Leeds, grandam by Traveller, out of Imp. mare Pocahontas. Polyphemus was got by Yorick, his dam by Old Fearnought, out of Imp. mare Selima. Multiflora was sired by Kosciusko." Arbaces measures 15 hands and half an inch.

Your Friend and Ob't Serv't IRA SMITH.

A DAY'S SPORT IN THE OLD DOMINION.

FAIRFIELD, (Va.) July 22, 1837.

DEAR SIR,—The Trotting Match for $1000, between *Lady Duffie* and the Virginia bred *Victress*, was won on the 13th inst. handily by the "laurel-wreathed Victress." Many days previous to the start, 2 to 1 were freely offered on Lady Duffie, but not very freely taken. On the evening previous, and on the morning of the trot, the odds were required and given by the backers of Victress; the switch-tail, mahogany-looking mare having "put out a paw" about that time, that hinted a *faux pas* on t'other side. The horn being sounded, the "hitched ones" came into the track with their skeleton sulkeys and close-cap drivers, whirling the spider-web wheels against the "arrowy sunbeam of eve," and lifting in their narrow rims at intervals the "dust Olympic," as their quick-eyed charioteers would "play" them up and down the stretch. The stands were crowded, and the "Sotankers" strong upon the switch-tail. "Shearlock" seemed to show that his *name imported* his design, for he looked as if he held the "clipper" ready to "shear" the "locks" of glory from his renowned adversary's brow; while "Spicer" gave symptoms, from his brisk spirits to and fro the stand, of an intention to "pepper" him well if he could. The word given, away they went; but ere that outer turn was reached, the switch-tail mare had brushed her rival off, whose *high-lifted* fore-paws were truly *French* indeed, as the result of that heat proved, for she came in "*longo intervallo*" *behind* the *foremost*. (There's an Irishism for you.) Again they are geared up, and ready to go. Some talk being made of an "investment on time," (a mighty good thing sometimes, Mr. Porter—3:05) away the long-strider crept round the turns, like a "cabbage carter" going for the early market. Lady Duffie held her a sharp brush round the first turn, but the Victress "put out" so *unsocially*, that *companionship* was obviously impracticable; and so she came to the stand like "one buttoning up in a hurry," or a boy sent after cream just before breakfast, "doing it" in 3:01, with something in hand; thus showing conclusively, that our Virginia nags only require to go to a trotting school to turn out smart ones. A good trainer of trotters would no doubt find lucrative employment down this way, as our people seem to be getting into the spirit of that species of pace.

The *Cock Fight* was a most spiritedly contested battle throughout;—21 aside were "shown," and 17 matches made, and "one and one" was the game throughout, till the 15th fight, when both cocks "breaking off," fatally wounded, and disabled from farther fight, a *drawn* main was made of it, the next two fights being alternated as previously, so both parties had their sport free gratis for nothing, and lost no money, except such as was invested on the odds, which too proud a self esteem induced them to give against us. They were good fellows, however, and we *heartily wish them better luck next time*, for their enterprise and gentlemanly character deserve it. Old Essex County is a high trump, no matter what suit is turned up, and that grunting, unsociable, old Poisell, that "won't show nobody nothing," is right hard to whip, give him tolerable birds. This species of sport is in the hands entirely of gentlemen, on the South side of the Appomattox, and is conducted there with as much propriety as racing is on this side. So they tell ME.

MATTERS AND THINGS IN ARKANSAS.

BATESVILLE, (Arks.) June 29, 1837.

Dear P.,—I had, the other morning, while I was lying in bed, one corner of my office knocked into *bug mouthfulls* by a flash of lightning. It was a close fit—a perfect *three feet* affair. The *good folks* tell me it is a "warning." I admit it, but don't much admire the style in which the hint was given.

A fellow gave me a tough yarn the other day; he swears it is true: here it is:—He was travelling in Missouri, and met a fellow and his wife—they were on foot. The only *four-footed varmint* they had was a thundering big *bull*, on whose back was lashed a bed and blankets—lots of household and kitchen furniture, and on the top of all "nine small children, and one at the breast." Says he, "Friend, where are you going?"—"To Illinois," was the answer. "What do you intend doing there?"—"Why, I am *gwine to raise cattle.*"

Tennessee is going to lose a liberal, high-minded turfite, and the American people the services of one of the boldest, most talented, and useful patriots of the present century:—I have reference to the Hon. BAILIE PEYTON, who designs locating in New Orleans. The people of that hospitable city should wear him in their hearts as a "pearl beyond price."

I shall visit "Pete's" neighborhood in a few days, and will spur him up to give you a letter. He writes me, that if the *Legislature* don't interfere with him, he will slay the varmints this winter in the right way. He is going to revenge the death of poor Stephen Harris, who was killed a short time since by a bear at the mouth of White River. This was a most melancholy accident. Harris was a good fellow, and has left a wife and large family. It is the only instance in which I have known an Arkansas hunter killed by a bear. H. was an excellent hunter, and met his death in his anxiety to release his dogs, who had the bear at bay; in approaching, his foot caught in a vine, and he was precipitated into the very jaws of the animal, who at one *hug* made a perfect mash of him.

Now for racing. For the big "44" sweepstakes, to come off next May, I take Nos. 3, 10, 11, 14, 16, 18, 22, 23, 27, 28, 29, 32, and 36 vs. the field, for a small trifle. The entire 44, with but few exceptions, are a choice lot. I have great faith in 10, 11, and 16, though Picton, I expect, will make No. 17 first favorite; but I am superstitious enough to believe lightning don't strike the same tree twice, and that one *mare* in this *sorter* Republican government can't produce *two winners of big things*;—it would be expecting too much from *horse flesh*.

Truly yours, N.

POLICE INTELLIGENCE.

Real Dairy-fed Pork.—Never did two dying pigs excite more angry feeling than was evinced on Monday in that portion of the court over which Mr. Dubois presides, and connoisseurs in unctious morsels of pork-eating received an additional hint of the mutability of pigs' meat, and of the varied changes it doth undergo, under circumstances. The plaintiff was a sturdy-looking pig dealer, and sought to recover from the defendant the price of two pigs, or rather piglings, which he sold to him under an understanding that if they "did well," and "got on likely," within a fortnight, they were to be paid for; but if not—that is if they turned sickly, or otherwise required medical assistance, then the bargain was to be considered null and void.

Mr. Dubois—I understand; now pray tell us how did the pigs turn out?

Defendant—Regler warmints. One on'em died on the Monday as I had him on the Friday, and I killed the t'other to save his life—[laughter].

Commissioner—Did you—and why didn't you endeavor to save the life of the first pig?

Defendant—Oh, so I did; he was tuck very ill on the Sunday, and arter I'd sent for adwice, we gave him some brimstone and muster. Begges came and cut off his tail, but he got worser and worser, and afore morning he warnt no more. [laughter].

A Juryman—And what did you do with him?

Defendant—Oh, he was a werry nice *barrer* pig, and looked werry delicate, so we sent him to market 'long of t'other one, for "dairy fed," and werry nice the meat looked I can sure you.

A Juryman—What price did it fetch?

Defendant—O'nay "two and eight" (2s. 8d. stone, 4d. per pound).

A Juryman—And do you suppose the deceased pig was sold for human food?

Defendant—'Carnt say, but I seed a sassagemaker a-looking very 'ard on it, and I der say he mought a bort it. Why, the legs on it looked jest as if it went off in the nateral way—and when a bit of pork comes to be scored nicely, and well skivered up, it comes werry deceitful—[laughter].

After a long inquiry as to the precise time of the pig's death, the case was decided in favor of the defendant; and the plaintiff left the court grunting forth no small compliments on the decision of the far more than usually respectable and intelligent jury.

John Howard Payne has become the Editor of the Ladies' Literary Companion, printed at New-York. What has become of his "*Ramcat Jehosaphat*," which, like a Colossus, was to stand astride the Atlantic? Or, in more simple terms, the paper that he proposed to publish simultaneously in England and the U. States. Boston Morning Post.

Nameless Debtors.—The following is taken from entries of the names of customers in a bankrupt's book. The insolvent was a tripe trotter seller in the east of the metropolis:—The old Jew woman—Pale little woman—Big lame woman—Quiet woman—Little black girl—Long Sal—Green-bonnet woman—The woman what married the old watchman.

"Thwaytes is a cruel long name," observed the "widder," as she was signing a cheque for the accommodation of her Long lover. "It is," rejoined Smith, "your own fault that it continues so long." The lady understood, but would not take the hint.

English Sporting Intelligence.

IMPORTANT FROM EUROPE.

There have been several arrivals from Europe within the last week; the latest dates were brought by the *Roscoe*, from Liverpool, whence she sailed on the 24th of June. His Majesty, William the Fourth, expired at Windsor on the morning of the 20th June, in the 72d year of his age, and the Princess Victoria is now Queen of England. The death of the King and the accession to the throne of Victoria, occupy almost exclusively the columns of the English papers.

Mr. Forrest was married in London on the 23d of June, to "Catherine, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of John Sinclair, Esq., of the Theatres Royal Drury Lane and Covent Garden.

The aspect of monetary affairs in England, though dreary enough, is evidently improving.

Our correspondent "B." writes of the arrival at London of B. Ogle Tayloe, Esq., and lady, of Washington city, and of Mr. George Tattersall. Under date of 5th June, "B." writes that the ship *Edward*, an East Indiaman, was shipping a cargo to New York, and was to sail in the course of a week. Having spacious accommodations, a number of good things from the Hampton Court Stud, and some fine mares, (under charge of Saunders,) were to be despatched by her, for E. H. Boardman, Esq., of Huntsville, Ala.

Touchstone won the *Cup* at Ascot, as he did last year. A full report of the Ascot meeting, and several other interesting articles of English sporting intelligence, will be found in to-day's paper.

At the recent races at Versailles, Col. Thorn of this city, known in Paris as "the American Nabob," rode a winner in a sweepstakes. Lord Harry Seymour also rode a winner during the meeting.

It is with deep regret we announce the death at Milan of John C. Craig, Esq., of Philadelphia. Mr. Craig was on his way home, attended by his family, after an absence of about two years. In his demise, the American Turf has sustained the loss of one of its staunchest supporters and brightest ornaments.

The London weekly newspapers of Sunday, the 18th June, were forwarded by a packet that sailed *before* the Roscoe, and which has not yet arrived. The packet of the 1st of June brought us neither of the English Sporting Magazines, they having been kept open probably for the result of the Derby. If the Virginian (of the 8th) brought them, they have been lost, with several packages addressed to our city contemporaries, most of whom are complaining. We have faint hopes they were sent by the packet of the 16th, which has not yet arrived, although the packet of the 24th has been in port nearly a week.

SETTLING FOR THE DERBY AND OAKS.

This indispensable finale to Epsom Races took place, or more correctly speaking, commenced on Tuesday at Tattersall's, and, as usual, was a very nervous affair. In order to invest it with more than common interest, some ridiculous reports had been put in circulation about "heavy losers and suicides;" and some who had been silly enough to swallow such gross absurdities, went to the settling in the full expectation that they would be confirmed. Such was not the case, although many of the countenances collected within the narrow precincts of "The Corner," bore an expression better fitted for a mourning-coach than a betting-room. We searched in vain for a smiling face—every one spoke of blighted expectations, and hopes deferred. Not to dwell on what always have been and always will be the characteristics of a settling-day, we will proceed to business.

The room and the yard were laid out with tables, and every facility afforded for the transfer of the needful; the doors were closed against all but subscribers, which, on these and similar occasions, are always on the look-out for "unclaimed dividends." With all this attention to their comfort and convenience, it is wonderful how slowly the money came in; had it not been for the arrival of the "great capitalists" to set things a-going, the settling might as well have been put off till another day. "You owe me five hundred," said Lord ——. "Yes, all right—I'll give it you presently;" and a surprising number of "checks" of this description were received in the course of the afternoon. Another would be sent off with an order on Mr. Mizzle, who was non est; and a third "was obliged to attend York Races," but would settle at Ascot! All this did occur, has occurred before, and will occur again, for, as the old waterman says, "it is 'ooman natur." Notwithstanding all this, the settling was called a harmless one—and so it was in one sense, for the balances generally were small; but if its character is to be taken from the manner in which it was carried on, we should call it a very indifferent one; for instance, one party, a provincial member of the legal profession, quite new on the Turf, made a return of "nulla bona" to demands amounting to 4000*l.*—one gentleman losing 1500*l.* by him, another 600*l.*, a third 300*l.*, and so on; to one or two others the "Bath waters" were recommended, and their friends are not without hopes of their ultimate recovery. The names of four absentees are before us, but as we do not wish to prejudice a future adjustment of their accounts, we shall defer publishing them or entering into further particulars; enough, however, has been stated to prove that the settling was anything rather than a good one. The principal sufferers on the two races are "the public"—in other words, a certain body of speculators to which almost every town in the kingdom contributes its quotum; generally speaking, their money is sent into the market in small sums, and through a variety of sources, and is almost invariably put on the favorites; the amount supplied annually in this way is very considerable, and coming from so many quarters, is not much felt by the losers. It is almost ridiculous to speak of winners, for of the select few who had favorable balances by their books, not one can have received sufficient to clear his disbursements. "Great winners" there were none, even had all been paid up. Unsatisfactory as it has turned out, there can be no doubt that if either of the principal favorites had won, the "settling" (so called) would have been infinitely worse—Caravan, Mango, Hybiscus, Rat Trap, Achmet, Jereed, Defender, Wintonian, and Benedict, were backed to win immense stakes; those who were on the first five had fair opportunities afforded them of standing well; but the money laid out on the others was lost without a chance of saving any portion of it. The Phosphorus party would have been gallant winners had their nag kept sound; his lameness, however, induced them to hedge all they could, and one or two were unlucky enough to make him a loser—in fact, they "knew too much." Lord Berners himself bets to so trifling an extent, that beyond the stake and the honor of winning, the result can have been of little consequence to him. John Day's party experienced a succession of misfortunes:—Defender commenced the chapter of accidents by going amiss, Mustee died, Wintonian fell lame, and the others got beaten. We have reason to believe that none of the Defender and Wintonian money was saved. John himself drops a good sum, but "beggars his looks," and bears it like a philosopher.

Bell's Life in London. June 4.

"*Vates," the Prophet.*—We have received a letter, signed "A Winner," enclosing a £20 note as the subscription of the writer, and half a dozen other winners on the late Derby, towards purchasing a piece of plate for the gentleman who, under the title of "Vates," not only prophesied the winner of the late Derby, but the winners of the Derby and Leger in former years, and proposing that other winners should follow this generous example. We are not authorised to state who "Vates" is, nor is he ambitious of notoriety, however he may appreciate the good wishes of those who may have profitted by his judgment.

Bell's Life in London, June 4.

Sale of Hunters.—The following well-known hunters were sold at Tattersall's on Monday:—The late Mr. Vyner's—Moncrieffe, 315 gs; Bellerophon, 280; Blucher, 225; Maniac, 145; Arbutus, 100; Bolivar, 84; The Friar, 51; and Antelope, 50. Lord Southampton's—Birthday, 250 gs; Tom Brooks, 225; Confidence, 190; and Gimlet, 95. Mr. Hall's—Brocklesby, 195 gs; Pilot, 125; Taglioni, 100; Tandem, 97; Don Quixotte, 77; Conservative, 71; John Bull, 62, and The Miller, 51.

To the Editor of Bell's Life in London.

Sir,—In your paper of yesterday I perceive the highly flattering project of presenting to "Vates" a piece of plate, to which you are kind enough to promise your aid, should it meet his approval. If, under that signature, any portion of the sporting world deem him worthy a trifling record of his supposed services, it would be, to use the mildest term, the extreme of bad taste in him to refuse. He has written for pleasure—say for fame! Both would be perpetuated, he is free to confess, in the most gratifying manner, by quaffing the healths of the donors of a "prophetic" tribute! With your permission, he will ever subscribe himself Your most obedient servant, Vates.

A Well Provisioned Small Family.—A few days ago, as two gentlemen near Newcastle-on-Tyne were exercising some spaniels at Prestwick Car, the dogs suddenly made a dead stand, from which they would not be called away. On examination, they were found engaged with two fox cubs amongst some furze on a mound which had been isolated during the wet weather. Amongst the provisions provided by their affectionate dam, the gentlemen found thirty goslings, three leverets, three rabbits, two bald coots, one large eel, and the remains of a hen pheasant.

A broker in Paris made a bet on the 14th of June, that he would ride his horse, 20 years old, from Paris to Rouen, 30 leagues, in seven hours. The sum depending was 300,000 francs. Setting off at 2 o'clock in the morning, at 8 he had reached within 4 miles of Rouen—but there his horse fell dead. Of course the bet was lost. The umpire returned to Paris, on a succession of post-horses, in 7 hours and 35 minutes, to announce the result. The thermometer stood at 25 of Reaumur. Cruel sport for man and horse. *Commercial Adv.*

THE LATE DERBY RACE.

[From a Correspondent.]

The bustle of the Derby week being over, we have a little leisure to make a few remarks on the race. In 1822 Mr. James Croft, trainer, of Middleham, Yorkshire, trained the first, second, third, and fourth, for the St. Leger, and lost a great sum on the race. Something very similar has happened this year with Phosphorus, for it appears there is scarcely any one connected with this horse that has not lost his money. The story runs thus—John Day was anxious for a trial, but John Doe, knowing the infirm state of his nag, and being pretty sure a trial would greatly reduce his chance of winning, said, "Come with me to the stable," and there shewed his lame horse. Away went John, and both himself and party hedged every shilling off. In short, those who did win, won because no one would take their bets, or by their faith in the prophecy of Vates. That Phosphorus is a very infirm horse, or, rather, what Mat Milton would call "a screw," there is no doubt; but, withall, he is a race-horse. From the running of Caravan there is no doubt of his being a horse of great power and speed, and we cannot help thinking his defeat ought to act as a lesson, for had he run in public a time or two, he would have run very differently for the Derby. The fact is, he was alarmed at the crowd all the way, and we could see Pavis jobbing him at Tattenham Corner, to keep him to the rails. He certainly ran, to use a horseman's phrase, "very raw." He did not seem to face the bit, and as he came nearer the finish the more he hung to the off-side, and this lost him the race, for Phosphorus was swerving to the near side, so much so that George Edwards in striking his horse on the neck to keep him straight, evidently alarmed Caravan out of a good length, which he could not recover. Now a few words for Pavis: he has been much censured for his riding; did ever any one hear of a jockey who only happened to be second, riding well? Never. We are always inclined to the liberal side, and must confess we think we never saw him ride better. When he cleared the ruck at Tattenham Corner he pulled his horse, which, on George Edwards seeing, he instantly increased his pace, thinking Pavis was on the saving system, which was actually the case, and there is little doubt that had Pavis been on the off-side he must have won, for the two horses got at the finish linked together, and this gave Phosphorus the advantage. Pavis rode 133 times last year, and won 61; he must have experience on his side.—We can only add, we should like to have as good a horse as Caravan for the Leger, and we should be perfectly satisfied with Arthur Pavis for his pilot.

PHOSPHORUS, THE WINNER OF THE DERBY, 1837.

Pedigree.—*Phosphorus* was bred by Lord Berners, and got by Lamplighter, (foaled in 1833), out of a Rubens mare, bred by his Lordship, (then Col. Wilson), in 1819; her dam Tippitywitchet, by Waxy, out of Hare, by Sweetbriar, her dam by Justice—Chemist—South—Sister to Sir James Lowther's Babraham. Phosphorus, on the dam's side, is half-brother to Recovery and Camarine, and is full brother to Mayday, who broke her leg in running for the Oaks in 1834, and was shot.

Performances.—In the First Spring Meeting at Newmarket he started for the Newmarket Stakes, and was beaten a length by Rat-trap; in the next meeting won the Rowley Mile Plate in a canter, beating Lord Orford's b. c. by Mulatto, out of Medina; Duke of Rutland's b. c. by Catton, out of Slight; General Grosvenor's b. c. by Sarpedon, out of Pastorella, by Little John; Lord Suffield's b. c. Anvil; Mr. Bircham's ch. f. by Polygar, dam by Skim, out of Pentagon; Lord Stradbroke's ch. f. Doris, by the Colonel, out of Arethissa; Lord Tavistock's b. c. by Camel, out of Miss Breeze; General Yates's b. c. Grand Cairo; Mr. Page's b. c. by Muley, out of young Sweetpea; and Mr. Newton's b. f. Fanchon; by two lengths; only three placed. And won the Derby by half a length, beating Lord Suffield's Caravan and fifteen others. Ridden at Newmarket by John Day, and by G. Edwards for the Derby.

The following letter descriptive of the *Points* and *Properties* of the horse, has been handed us by Mr. Herring:—"I was looking at him prior to his being saddled for the Derby (for he was walking considerably more than an hour before the appointed time for starting), and was not a little amused at the various remarks made upon him. Two men, looking something like north country guards or coachmen, took their stand until he approached, when one called out, 'Oi say, Willie, what dost think o' him for a favourit?' 'Whoi, I think, if he wins, they'll say what a beauty he is; but I'm dom'd if I can see mitch now.' I do not think, during the time he was led about, he had one admirer; in short, I do not recollect either a Derby or Leger horse less striking in his appearance. He reminds me of Theodore. His head is small, but long and lean; his neck light, and rather ewed; his shoulders clean and oblique; his arms and legs small; his feet inclined to be flat. He is a good ribbed horse, and deep in the brisket, with loins arched and quarters drooping; flat thighs, and small hocks, and carries his tail close to his quarters. His condition was first rate, and does his trainer great credit. When I saw him stripped the morning after the race, I could not but think there must be something beyond mere form; for, though he looked all wire, there appeared a want of power to win a race like the Derby. However, it is evident he possesses the will and the power, and when these are combined, small horses, with heavy burthens, can do wonders; but we are too apt to look over the nervous system, which has every thing to do with animal machinery."

RIFLE MATCH.

A rifle match took place at Chalk-farm on Wednesday. A silver cup was shot for at 200 yards from the shoulder. The match being open to all the world, and having been anticipated for the last twelve months, not only all the "crack shots" from various parts of the kingdom assembled on the ground, but there was also a company of Swiss gentlemen present. In all 19 contended, among whom we noticed Mr. W. Moore, the winner of the diamond champion cross; the Messrs. Margary, who won the last gold and silver medals of the Acrotormentarian Society, and Messrs. John Dan, Cathewood, Chantry, &c., who have frequently distinguished themselves in the above corps. The shooting, as we expected, was of the very first rate order, and it was long doubtful to whom the prize would belong, but after a severe struggle the palm of victory was awarded to Mr. Margary, who hit 21 out of the 25 shots allowed to each competitor, out of which he struck five bulls' eyes. Monsieur Ganival, a Swiss gentleman, struck 20, and out of them eight bulls' eyes; Mr. A. Margary, 20, of which five were bulls' eyes; Mr. W. Moore, 18, of which five were bulls' eyes. The diameter of the target is 36 inches, and the bulls' eye 11 inches. The rifles used were not military ones, as many have supposed, but were made for private use. The English gentlemen's varied in length from two feet six inches to two feet ten inches; but the rifles of the Swiss gentlemen, seven of whom contended, were about three feet in length. Mr. W. Moore shot with his newly-invented rifle, with which he has been frequently successful. The gun has certainly great claims to patronage. The Messrs. Margary shot with Bragg's rifle. The day was very windy.

Bell's Life in London, June 11.

A gentleman has betted that he hits fifty penny pieces out of seventy, toss them in the air himself, and be bound to shoot at every one he tosses, otherwise to count as a miss.

A walking match took place on Tuesday last at Brentwood, between "Jem," a well-known coachman of Hammersmith, and a man named Windsor. They started from the Bull Inn, and walked one mile out on the London road and back again; the distance was performed by the coachman in eleven minutes and a half. Jem is a short, stout man, about 50 years of age, and his opponent, who has been in the 75th regiment, was crippled in both arms, lost an eye, part of his jaw bone, and all his teeth except one, had received a bayonet wound in the abdomen, and contusions in both legs, yet he nearly beat his man.

The Marquis of Waterford has abandoned his intention of going to Africa this season, intending to go to Norway to have a shy at the bears, instead of disturbing his lion and panther manor, the stock on which wants increasing.

Pedestrianism.—A competition in walking last week took place between three gentlemen of Bristol. One of the party undertook to be 21 miles in advance of the others in 24 successive hours. The least successful of his opponents reached Reading, a distance of 75 miles; the other succeeded in walking six miles further; while the party who gave the extra distance accomplished $100\frac{1}{2}$ miles—viz., within $14\frac{1}{4}$ miles of Hyde Park-corner, thereby making good the odds against one, and beating both his competitors. We believe that this gentleman, by walking and running, accomplished the last 14 miles in the short space of two hours.

Match against Time.—Sutton, the pedestrian, is matched to walk, 300 miles in six days, half backwards and half forwards, in a circle of 110 yards, at the Royal Standard Gardens, Shepperdess-fields, to commence at eight o'clock to-morrow morning. Sutton says he can be backed to walk 50 miles backwards against any man in England. He knows Townshend can be matched against him.

At the sale of some of Lord Waterford's horses, at Tattersall's, one of his hunters was called in the catalogue "Salt-fish." General G. (we never mention names) asked the Marquis why he called the horse "Salt-fish?" "Why," said Lord Waterford, "I call him salt-fish because he is good for a fast-day."

Townsend can be matched to go one hundred miles on foot in nineteen successive hours, draw a gig to Brighton and back in twenty-four hours, or run or walk backwards and forwards, or both, half backwards and half forwards against any man in England, for any sum that may be agreed. His money is at Tom Spring's.

A Veteran.—An ould English Gentleman, named Moore, aged 105 years of age, residing at Compton, near Woverhampton, can be backed for 50*l.* to walk one mile, and give twenty-five years to any man in England; that is, his opponent shall be eighty years of age. A short time since he went into one of his fields and ploughed the first furrow.

On Tuesday morning, as Mr. Samuel Chiffney, the celebrated jockey of Newmarket, was proceeding in his cab through Hemming's-row, St. Martin's lane, the horse fell, and threw him with great violence on the pavement. He was taken up in a state of insensibility, and conveyed to Mr. James Landel's, the surgeon of St. Martin's place, whose promptness and attention enabled him in a short time to proceed to an hotel, where he now remains confined from the bruises he received; he is gradually recovering.

State of the Odds, June 11.

St. Leger.—The betting on this race continues very flat, nor do we see any prospect of its ever becoming a good race for book-makers, with so small a field. 9 to 4 was offered on Monday against the two favorites, and 5 to 1 on the field. 12 to 1 laid against The Doctor, and the same against Epirus (brother to Elis) in one bet, the odds being afterwards offered against The Doctor, but not against Epirus; 2000 to 60 was taken about The Prime Warden, and offers made to back the field against four. Nothing was done at Ascot that will admit of quotation. It will be seen that Melbourne was defeated at Beverley.

ASCOT HEATH RACES.

We have so often described this, which may be termed the most aristocratic meeting of the admirers of horse-racing within reach of the metropolis, that we have some difficulty in varying our subject so as to give it the garb of novelty. We believe at Ascot, as well as elsewhere, the races, except with certain classes of interested speculators, are mere secondary considerations, forming a pleasing pretext for a vast assemblage of persons, who go either to see or be seen, and a great majority of whom scarcely get a glimpse of "the running horses," and that of so transient a description as to be incapable of distinguishing the favorites from the non-favorites, or being able to say more than "here they come," or "there they go." Whatever may be the inducements, or however varied the attractions, at Ascot, by common consent, two days have been selected by "a discerning public"—namely, Tuesday and Thursday, for their especial attendance, and of these, the Thursday, or "The Cup Day," as it is called, is chosen as that on which all classes make it their more especial business to attend, and hence on that day the assemblage is not only extremely numerous, but exceedingly brilliant, displaying all ranks of "His Majesty's loving subjects" to the best advantage, and in the best of tempers, going as they do with the determination to give pleasure its full sway, and to persuade themselves at least, "that misfortune is a day's march behind them." Without inquiring too minutely into the motives of the thousands who thus rush to one common centre, we are bound to say that at the late meeting we witnessed little diminution in the splendor of the scene or the prevalence of that joyous spirit which has met our observation for many years in succession, and which, without selfishness, we trust we shall witness for some years to come; for there is nothing more exhilarating than to witness, thus assembled, throngs of human beings, whose countenances beam with happiness and good humor, not unmixed with a spice of self-satisfaction, and who, in the great "kaleidescope," which is constantly revolving and constantly changing, present mankind in all its features—sometimes agreeable, sometimes fascinating, and sometimes, or the picture would be imperfect, in a light neither agreeable nor fascinating—but still, according with that eccentricity which is admitted to be the characteristic of dame Nature, and which, in being true to nature, is not the less amusing.

On our way down on Tuesday we neither saw nor expected to see any vast cavalcade of travellers on the road, but still there was a fair sprinkle of vehicles, among which we noticed many of a dashing description, which bespoke the pride of fashion, and we were informed that on the preceding evening the road had to boast of a still more busy display of persons who journeyed towards the vicinity of the course, so as to be ready to participate in its joys without the labor or inconvenience of a long journey. If there were any want of excitement from the absence of a crowd, the pleasure of the trip was greatly enhanced by the delicious freshness of the surrounding country, rendered doubly grateful from the backwardness of the spring. All nature seemed redolent of beauty—the expanding blossoms of the fruit trees, the fragrance of the flowering shrubs, and the rich tints of the forest scenery, through which we passed, formed a treat of no ordinary character, and gave additional zest to the day's excursion. In Windsor Great Park, the gay groupes, as they emerged from amidst the sylvan shades, had the most enchanting appearance, and presented an odd contrast to the thickening multitude as they ascended the dusty slopes of the Heath, which presented the customary variety till the side of the course was gained, where we were agreeably surprised to find an immense number of carriages already arranged with an order and regularity far surpassing anything we had observed on any former occasion; and here, perhaps, we shall be excused for noticing certain obvious improvements which, thanks to the zeal of Lord Errol, aided by Mr. Hibburd, the Clerk of the Course, tended to display a wide contrast between the present and former years, not only as respects the convenience of the public, but the general arrangements of the course. The first thing with which we were struck was the removal of all the old shabby posts and rails, and the substitution of new ones, in which openings were left, with posts, for the convenient passage of the pedestrians; outside of these were other rails, within which a convenient space was kept for carriages, which were admitted at moderate charges (10s. and 5s. each), to the exclusion of those clumsy and unseemly vehicles which heretofore monopolized the space, and prevented the near approach of those who were now glad for this additional advantage to contribute to the Fund, not only for keeping up the course, but for increasing the importance of the sports. His Majesty's Stand, too, we found, had been completely repainted within and without, the tent of Tippoo Sultan being erected at the back for refreshments, and the suttling booths, formerly close to its vicinity, removed. The old thatched rubbing-house, just above the stand, was likewise cleared away, and a large and convenient one placed further back, and more out of view, while the King's stables were placed at a greater distance from the rails, by which additional advantage was gained to the public. The Stewards' Stand had also been greatly improved, and a new weighing-house erected close to it, with a retiring room for the jockies, the want of which had for years been complained of. Great pains, too, we found, had been taken to improve the turf, and to render it as even as possible. In fact, in whatever direction we turned our attention, we discovered new causes of satisfaction, and among others, not the least obvious, was the levelling and draining of the heath, and the vast increase of the exercising ground, which now affords five times the accommodation that existed a few years back. The only surprise is, that so much could have been accomplished in the short space of one year. The outlay must have been great, but the expenditure has been judicious; and, in future, a trifling annual charge will keep all in order. Under the new dynasty, a sum little, if any, short of £1,000, has been raised from the standing of carriages, and the letting of the ground for booths, marquees, &c.; whereas, under the old system, only £355 was brought to the racing fund; and, as a proof of the principle which actuates Mr. Hibburd, we understand he will publish an annual account of the receipts and expenditure, so that all may be satisfied with the due appropriation of the funds received. We cannot dwell longer, however, on these topics, and have only to congratulate the frequenters of these annual sports with the happy results of that vigorous reform which Lord Errol not only promised, but effectually carried out. Wn ought to add, however, that in addition to the large fund raised under the activity of the Clerk of the Course, the inhabitants of Windsor gave a Plate of £100; the Proprietor of the Betting-stand another of the same amount; the Postmasters in London and on the road, one of 80*l.*; and the Windsor Members one of 50*l.*—all new prizes. In addition to these liberal contributions, his Majesty's interest in the meeting was evinced by the gift of two one hundred guinea Plates, and a Piece of Plate value 200*l.*—the same, in fact, that have been received from his considerate and munificent bounty for some years. But the list of the sports provided for each day will best prove the increasing interest of the meeting, and the abundance of the amusements by which its popularity is enhanced.

We must now turn to the more immediate objects of attraction. Fears having been entertained that the usual Royal Party would not, from the indisposition of their Majesties, be enabled to attend, many persons who would otherwise have been present, reserved themselves for Thursday; but notwithstanding this, by one o'clock the promenade exhibited a brilliant assemblage of beauty and fashion—a feature peculiar to these races; and rendered doubly agreeable on this occasion by the active exertions of a body of sixty of the A division of the London Police, under the direction of Superintendents May, Baker, and Greensell, and Inspector Pearce, who not only kept the course admirably cleared during the running, but by excluding the "thimble rig" gentry, beggars, and other itinerant nuisances, between the races, enabled the fashionable pedestrians to enjoy their walk with all the comfort and convenience of Kensington Gardens. In fact, we never saw the police arrangements so effective on any former occasion. Sir Frederick Roe, with Leadbetter, Gardener, Capes, and four other officers, were in attendance at the Stand; and, by their experience, tended greatly to keep mischief at a distance. While all were in doubt as to the probability of the coming of the Royal Cavalcade, a rumor that had prevailed of her Majesty's intention to honor the meeting with her presence, was happily realised, and the sudden appearance of the Royal Carriages, preceded by Lord Errol, and a large body of the Yeomen Prickers, in their scarlet liveries, diffused universal satisfaction, and dissipated much of that gloom which had, up to this time, prevailed. Her Majesty, it appears, finding her health better on the preceding evening, expressed her intention to attend, and immediate directions were given for preparing the usual carriages. Happily, on the morning, nothing occurred to alter her Majesty's gracious intention, which was still further encouraged by the more favorable state of his Majesty's health, and the particular desire of his Majesty that his Royal Consort should, by her attendance, add to the "eclat" of the meeting, as well as to the gratification of her subjects, whose apprehensions were thus happily removed.

The Royal Party quitted the Castle a little after 12 o'clock, and reached the course at the Old Mile at half-past one; it consisted of eight carriages-and-four, and two pony phaetons. In her Majesty's carriages were the Duchess of Buccleuch and their Highnesses the two Princes of Hohenlohe Langenburg. In the other carriages were the Dukes of Buccleuch, Rutland, Dorset, and Grafton; Marquises of Granby and Conyngham; Lords Brownlow, Denbigh, Barrington, Albemarle, Mayo, F. Fitzclarence, A. Fitzclarence, Sheffield, Falkland, De Lisle, F. Gordon, Howe; Baron Gersdorff; Ladies Sheffield, Denbigh, Brownlow, F. Fitzclarence, Mayo, Falkland, A. Gordon, Barrington and Howe; Hon. Miss Eden, Hon. Col. Cavendish, M. and Madame Dedeil; Sirs A. Barnard, E. Bowater, C. Thornton, and F. Watson; Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Ashley, Miss Hudson, Mr. Wood, Dr. Davies, Mr. Shiffner, Miss Wilson, &c.

As her Majesty came up the course, she was greeted by every demonstration of respect and affection, but with a subdued expression, arising from the percepti-

ble delicate state of her Majesty's health. She had every appearance, in fact, of having endured a severe illness, and was much thinner than when she last appeared in public; still she seemed to derive pleasure from the hearty greetings with which she was received, and kindly returned the salutes of the brilliant throng through which she passed. Her Majesty and all her attendants were in deep mourning, which tended to diminish the splendor by which her Court is usually distinguished on these occasions. On reaching the front of the Royal Stand, she was again warmly welcomed, and during the day received the visits of several of the Nobility, with whom she cordially shook hands. To have stopped the whole of the day was a fatigue greater than her Majesty could endure, and at the end of the second race she returned to the Castle, accompanied by the Countess of Sheffield and Lady Falkland, her Majesty's visitors and suite remaining till the sports were concluded; and of these an ample account will be found under their proper head. It may be here remarked, that if the assemblage was not so numerous as we have seen it on former years on the first day, it was to the full as respectable; and from the admirable arrangement of the carriages from above the Stewards' Stand to the turn at the bottom of the first half mile in double and treble rows (occasionally filled with beautiful women, dressed in all the gaiety of spring attire), the "coup d'œil" was truly animating. There was no lack of the betting fraternity; and both in the ring between the races, and in the Stand during the running, they were as boisterous and as much excited as ever, looking black or bright as the quicksilver in their betting barometers rose or fell.

For the humbler visitors the usual prolific sources of entertainment were provided. Tumblers, jugglers, and balancing professors were as numerous as ever. Punch claimed the "polite attention" of the discriminating multitude, and Jim Crow and his lady, by their fantastic duet and "graceful pas de deux," contributed in no small degree to the gratification of the 'yokels," while gipsies and cadgers of every denomination put in their claims for half-pence or cuffs, as their appeals were well or ill directed. The thimble gentlemen were prudently kept on the outskirts of the throng, and, from the watchful eye of the police, had but little opportunity for the exercise of their calling. The play tables were unusually numerous, but we suspect few could boast of a profitable "ingo;" but they consoled themselves with the adage of "worse luck now, better another time." Upon the whole, the day passed off agreeably; the weather was favorable, and although there were five races, and one walk over, the sports were brought to a conclusion at half-past five, at which time all departed in perfect order, and, with few exceptions, with due sobriety. Of those we noticed among the fashionables during the day, independent of those on the Royal Stand, were the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort, Marquis and Marchioness of Exeter, Earl and Countess of Wilton, Earl and Countess of Chesterfield, Earl and Countess of Suffield, Earls Jersey and Stradbroke. Lords C. Manners, Villiers, Paulet, G. Bentinck, Strathaven, Gardiner, A. Paget, &c. Count Matuszevic, Hon. Col. and Mrs. Anson, Hon. Captain and Lady A. Byng, Sir S. Graham, Sir L. Glyn, Colonel Peel, Hon. Charles Forrester, Hon. Cecil Forrester; Messrs. Payne, Greville, Cosby, Gardnor, Worrall, H. Aston, Seymour, Hunter, Irby Etwall, Codrington (and Lady Georgiana) De Burgh, Radcliffe, Bouverie, Clive, F. Charlton, M. Stanley, T. A. Smith, C. Smith, Poyntz, Walter, &c.

By the new regulations, in addition to the name of Lord Errol, the names of the Duke of Rutland, the Earl of Lichfield, and Mr. C. C. Greville, were appended to the card as stewards.

On Wednesday the course was but thinly attended, notwithstanding the favorable state of the weather, but the racing was excellent.

THE CUP DAY.

The night of Wednesday was unseasonably cold, and the morning of Thursday was whistled in with a sharp north easter, anything but agreeable to those tender "exotics" who had made up their minds for the usual summer trip. "The die," however, "was cast," the horses were ordered, the gay costume prepared—and the usual orders for an early call given. To retreat, therefore, was out of the question, and "go they must," and "go" to a multitudinous extent the good folks did; for although the attendance was not quite so numerous, nor the bustle along the road quite so great as we have seen it under more favorable auspices, the company, we must say, exceeded our expectations. There might not be so many "fours" or "pairs" stationed on the road as relays as heretofore, (for it has been found by experience that horses can do more than in "times gone by,") but there was nevertheless no lack of employment for the posters along the line; and though there might be some grumbling among the postmasters, upon the whole they had a fair share of business, and fared better, we believe, than from the state of the weather they anticipated. Of carriages drawn by horses which "went through," there was an immense succession on the road, and the customary variety of phaetons, gigs, and one horse drags of all sort, occasionally intermingled with waggons and vans, which, though slow, were sure, and reached the goal in time. All, however felt the influence of the nipping blast, and the inmates being clad in furs and great coats, greatly detracted from the customary lively aspect of the cavalcade. Of public conveyances, in the shape of four and pair-horse coaches, there was the usual variety, borrowed from all points of the compass, among which our old friend Moody was particularly "swellish," although, like the others, he was not overloaded, and on quitting the Gloucester Coffee-house looked as "moody" as his name. The chances of the road, however, supplied many deficiencies, and before they reached the destined resting-place all were well filled, Moody especially, whose regularity commanded a preference. The outside passengers, had they been on a Christmas trip, could not have looked more blue, and were not a little pleased to take an occasional drop of "blue" to cheer their internalities. The easterly wind certainly had one advantage as the travellers were going west, and perhaps assisted the progress of some of them; but those who had to travel backwards, by their ghastly smiles proved that the accompaniment was far from cheerful. Bespite the chilling influence of the blast, however, as we approached Ascot we were agreeably surprised to find thousands of all classes approaching towards its confines from every direction, full of life, animation, and hope, but, like the daisies, hiding their beauties till expanded by the genial influence of old Sol. Every village within resting distance had its hungry and impatient visitors, and the destruction of eatables equalled the preparations, and we believe fully proved that the general massacre of chickens and ducks which had taken place during the week before was not without due reason, while the more substantial viands vanished with equal rapidity. Windsor, although not overflowing, was crowded, and Lillywhite had no reason to say he was "done brown," although his table-cloths, from frequent use, were certainly not far from being "whity-brown." The White Hart, the Castle, and all the inns in the borough, had their fair proportion of customers, and, going a little back, we were glad to hear that Miss Bedford, at the King's H[illegible] Longford, had strong proofs of the high character which her house has obtained far and near for the excellence of its accommodations.

In Windsor, unfavorable reports of his Majesty's increased indisposition excited considerable gloom. Expresses had been sent off during the night for his Majesty's children, and the most painful apprehensions were entertained, which were not dissipated by fresh arrivals of medical men from London. Her Majesty, we regret to state, had caught fresh cold from her visit to the Course on Tuesday, and this, added to the state of his Majesty, of course forbade the hope of a repetition of the visit. Lord Errol, as one of the stewards, and one on whom the arrangements of the course so much depended, was necessarily at his post, but quitted as soon as circumstances would permit, to join the Countess, who remained with her Royal parent, to whom her attention has been most unremitting and dutiful.

As we approached the Course, the clouds of dust which almost darkened the horizon gave sufficient evidence of the multitude which was at hand, and as we advanced, the appearance of every new group, garnished as they were with pulverized granite, proved that, although hair-powder was out of fashion, the "pied poudre," if not in favor, was at least in very general use, and the finery of the fair sex, and the whiskers of their beaus, displayed its effects in a way not a little ludicrous, rendering it difficult for many to distinguish their most intimate acquaintances, and especially those who had not the good fortune to have had the advantage of close carriages. Brushing, shaking, and various other modes of purification, were of course resorted to; but from the prevalence of the same nuisance throughout the day—like "the falling out of lovers," which is said to lead to "the renewal of love"—the brushing off of the old dust only made room for the addition of new, and in this sort of masquerade appearance all were constrained to remain. As we have said before, the crowd equalled all former average meetings; and though the prices of admission for carriages within the privileged lines were raised from 10s. to a sovereign, and from 5s. to 10s., the course was studded with triple rows from one end to the other, whilst those without the barriers were still more numerous. As soon as eligible places were secured, the company quickly quitted their vehicles for the promenade, happy to "shake their feathers;" and the display of beauty and fashion, dimmed, we admit, by the "dressing" we have described, had a most brilliant effect, and excited the warm admiration of those who think with us that this is in truth the most attractive part of the day's enjoyment.

The betting circle was more numerous than on any former day, and we should be false historians if we were not to say more clamorous. The moment we approached the vortex we found there was "a screw loose;" such an elongation of the "human face divine," and among so many of the biped race, we have seldom seen at one and the same moment. We were not long before we unravelled the cause of what at first appeared to us a mystery. "Here's a pretty piece of business!" said one of these "wo begone" speculators, on seeing us approach. "What's the matter?" said we, in the plenitude of our innocence. "Why, Hornsea doesn't start for the Cup," "Not start!" rejoined we, with a start equal to that of Kean in Richard. "No, not start: and here have we, hundreds of us, been 'put in the hole,' without a chance of getting out." "When was the declaration made?" we naturally inquired. "Not till this morning," was the answer. We confess we were surprised: especially as when we left the course on Tuesday, in consequence of his excellent running with Alfred, with additional weight, we saw him backed freely at four to one. The same was observable on Wednesday, and the betting on the heath being published by the daily newspapers, no doubt had its influence in every part of the country to an indefinite extent. Various remarks were made, which it would be painful for us to recapitulate, and we were loudly called upon to inquire into the cause, and if possible, state a reason which might be satisfactory to the betting world on the subject. We did make inquiries, where we might not be accused of impertinence, but not with success, and in fact, we continued to doubt the assertion, as we heard from a very influential gentleman on the turf, that up to a short time before the race came off, the trainer of Lord Chesterfield had himself expressed uncertainty on the subject. "The proof of the pudding," however, "is in the eating," and so with the race, the proof of the withdrawal of Hornsea was in the running, for there he was not, and Touchstone won, as was anticipated, most triumphantly. We could not discover that there was any reason for the withdrawal of the horse, beyond the obvious one that the noble owner was satisfied in his own mind he would have had no chance with Touchstone; and with this impression, there was certainly no compulsion on his part to give him unnecessary labor for the profit or loss of others, and we are persuaded with no gain to himself. We cannot of course say when his Lordship made up his mind, although there were not wanting persons to assert that there were those who were in the secret, which by chance had slipped out of the stable, and for days before had been laying havily against the horse, inexplicably to those who were not so fortunate in their information. Had Lord Chesterfield formed his determination not to start his horse before the morning of Thursday, knowing, as no doubt he did, that the public was continuing to back him (although bound by no law to make the declaration), we are persuaded he would have communicated it to the gentleman whose duty it is to make the fact known by the usual channels; and that he did not do so is the strongest reason with us for believing that the contrary conclusion is erroneous, and that his Lordship has been unjustly assailed by those who have, as they say, unfairly lost their money.

"But the rule of the Turf is a paradox quite,
Those often go wrong who wish to go right."

Retreating from the crabbed looks and discontented grumblings of the betting stand, we cast our eyes elsewhere, and found all pretty much the same as we often described it before—the same frolicsome disposition appeared everywhere to prevail. There was the same leering and peering of the lasses—the same disposition to admire, and the same love of admiration. High and low, rich and poor, pretty and ugly, seemed alike pleased with themselves; and if the face is the index of the mind, all were happy, and so continued to be to the end of the chapter—that happiness being promoted by certain participations in those "good things," which from boxes, baskets, and napkins, as the taste inclined, were brought forth to comfort the natural cravings of appetites increased by air and exercise. The panders to public curiosity, as well as to more questionable passions, were as numerous as on Tuesday, and quite as industrious. The table k eepers were in better spirits, and many of their patrons in worse; and the draughts upon Bottled-beer and Co. were not only frequent, but duly honored; and notwithstanding "the run," we did not hear of a single stoppage, the balance being always sufficient to sustain the credit of the firms.

The Royal Stand, although not graced by the presence of any of the Royal party, was well filled with the female friends of the stewards and the influential visitors of the meeting, and the splendor of the scene lost none of its wonted characteristics.

In the Stewards' Stand the piece of plate entitled the Gold Cup, value two hundred sovereigns, was exhibited, and elicited, as it deserved, the highest encomiums. It is from a design of Count D'Orsay, and consisted of two centaurs, back to back, supporting a "tasse," or shallow bowl of oval shape, with scalloped edges, richly engraved with a scroll border. The figures of the centaurs are beautifully modelled, and the tasse is supported by three of their hands over their heads, while one rests his other hand on the hind quarters of his companion. The human portion of the figures is exquisitely and naturally designed, one being distinguished by the skin of a lion, and the other by a loose drapery flowing over the shoulder: the whole standing on a marble base. The model was executed in clay by Mr. Cotterell, and the plate manufactured by Messrs. Garrard with admirable taste. We have seldom seen a prize more chaste or appropriate to the purpose. The Marquis of Westminster, the owner of Touchstone, expressed himself highly gratified with the prize. His Lordship stood in the Jockey Club Stand during the race, and at its conclusion went to his jockey in front of the Stewards' Stand, and appeared highly pleased with the manner in which he had performed his duty.

The £200 prize, given by his Majesty on Tuesday, was also extremely elegant, and consisted of two handsome and massive tankards, beautifully friezed: on one being a chaced representation of the ancient chariot-race, and on the other the modern Italian race, in which horses not ridden by jockies were the competitors. The handles consisted of the stem of the vine, richly chased, the foliage spreading over the bodies of the tankards, and on the covers were Bacchanalian boys squeezing the juice of the grape into cups. The execution was of the finest workmanship, and does great credit to Storr and Mortimer, of Bond-street, by whom the tankards were designed.

At the conclusion of the day's sport the break-up was awful, and the scramble for horses and carriages attended with the ordinary confusion, while the renewed clouds of dust soon involved all in one common disguise. During the afternoon the weather became more genial, and the return home was far more agreeable on that account than the morning jaunt. On our again reaching Windsor, we regretted to find that the reports of his Majesty's health were not more favorable, and the gaiety which would otherwise have prevailed was thus much diminished. To a late hour the road to London presented a quick succession of company of all degrees, except at Staines', and other toll-gates, where the examination of tickets often led to vexatious delays and rough collisions, but we did not hear of any serious accidents to mar the pleasures of the day.

On Friday the weather was less propitious but the love of pleasure had been exhausted, except among those residing in the immediate vicinity of the course, the company was, therefore, limited, and among the higher ranks the continued precarious state of his Majesty produced feelings ill calculated to lead to a hearty participation in the day's diversions. In the evening a continuous rain laid the dust, and rendered the return of the Londoners at least free from the dusty nuisance, although to some at the expense of wet jackets. The sports were brought to a conclusion at an unusually early hour.

A correct account of each day's running follows, and in closing our general remarks, we have only to repeat our commendations of the arrangements, which were made under Mr. Hibburd's superintendence, and which, from first to last, were rigidly and satisfactorily enforced.

TUESDAY.

The OATLANDS STAKES of 30 sovs. each, h. ft., and only 5, &c., with 100 sovs. added; the second horse to receive back his stake; two miles and a half; 21 subs., nine of whom declared.

Lord Suffield's *Alfred*, 4 yrs. 7st. 5lb. .... Nat 1
Lord Chesterfield's Hornsea, 5 yrs. 9st. 7lb. .... Scott 2
Mr. Robertson's Lucifer, 5 yrs. 7st. 7lb. .... Twitchet 3
Lord Exeter's Dardanelles, 3 yrs. 6st. .... Conelly 4
Mr. Gardnor's Magician, 4 yrs. 7st. 2lb. .... Pavis 5
Duke of Rutland's Florestan, 5 yrs. 8st. 5lb. .... Robinson 6

It is so many years since an Oatlands of any character appeared in an Ascot list, that we had almost forgotten the name: its revival, therefore, and under such favorable circumstances, was hailed with pleasure by us and all lovers of the good old-fashioned Stakes. The first public betting on the above race was at Tattersall's on Monday last, when Alfred's friends came strong into the market, and made him first favorite at 2 to 1, taken freely. Hornsea was quoted at 5 to 2 offered, and Dardanelles at 4 to 1, taken with much spirit. On the course Florestan joined them, Hornsea dropping a point and a half, these two and Dardanelles closing at 4 to 1 each, and Alfred at the same price as on Monday—Alfred took the lead at a good pace, with Florestan for his second, Lucifer lying third, Hornsea fourth, Dardanelles fifth, and Magician last, the only change in the first mile being an increase of the space between the first and second. On approaching the turn for the straight run, Florestan died away, and Lucifer took the second place, Dardanelles at this time lying in the rear of all. On finishing the turn, Hornsea passed Lucifer, and Dardanelles ran by Magician and Florestan. No other alteration occurred, Alfred maintaining his lead to the end, and winning cleverly by a length, the third and fourth coming in nearly abreast a length of the second; Magician and Florestan were pulled up some distance from home.

Second year of a renewal of the ASCOT DERBY STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for 3 yr. old colts, 8st. 6lb., and fillies, 8st. 3lb.: the winner of the Derby or Oaks to have carried 5lb. extra; to start at the Swinley Post and in; 16 subs.

Mr. Greville's *Mango*, by Emilius .... Nat 1
Lord Chesterfield's Edgar, by Shakspeare .... Rogers 2
Mr. J. Day's Chapeau d'Espagne .... J. Day 3
Lord Exeter's Adrian, by Sultan .... Conelly 4

Mango and Chapeau were at different times backed even against the field: the mare kept so, but Mango dropped to 6 to 4. Adrian and Chapeau laid together in front for the first half mile, where Adrian took up the running, followed by the mare to the turn; here he cut it, and Mango took his place, Chapeau continuing second to the Betting Stand, where Edgar made his push, and ran by her a few yards beyond it, but could not reach Mango, who won by a length cleverly. Mr. Greville won the Stakes last year with The Lieutenant, and the previous year with Griselda, the only three races so named that have been run at Ascot. An Epsom Derby would be a pleasant companion to it.

SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., for 3 yr old colts, 8st. 7lb; Swinley Course; 4 subscribers.

Mr. W. Edwards' *Gil Blas* .... walked over.

Lord Orford's Medina colt was in this Stake, and would have had an excellent chance if he had started. We understand he has been sold to Mr. Hodges, but was scratched by his late noble owner without consulting his new master.

HIS MAJESTY'S PLATE of 100 gs.; 3 yr. olds, 7st. 2lb.; 4, 9st. 2lb.; 5, 10st.; 6 and aged, 10st. 5lb.; from the New Mile-post, go once round, and in.

Mr. J. Day's *Venison*, 4 yrs. .... S. Day 1
Mr. Sowerby's Rioter, 6 yrs. .... S. Mann 2

Betting: 7 to 1 on Venison, who made all the play at a slow pace, won by 3 lengths, and pulled up lame.

A PIECE OF PLATE, value 200 sovs., given by his Majesty, added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each, for 3 yr. olds; Swinley Course; 8 subs., 5 of whom declared.

Mr. Greville's *Mango*, 8st. 7lb. .... Nat 1
Lord Exeter's Velure, 8st. .... Conelly 2

Betting: 2 to 1 and 5 to 2 on Mango, and 2 to 1 taken that he won this and Touchstone the Cup. Mango cut out his own work, Velure waiting till within the distance, where she endeavored to get up; a few strides from the chair she appeared to have a chance, but one touch of the whip sent Mango out like a shot, and he won by half a length. The prize so graciously presented by his Majesty consisted of two immense tankards, made of frosted silver, with rich vine ornaments, surmounted by Bacchanalian figures; in the front of each is an emblematical device of horse racing—on the one, of the animal horse-race, and on the other, of the chariot-race. The workmanship is most splendid.

SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for 2 yr. old colts, 8st. 7lb., and fillies, 8st. 3lb.; last three quarters of a mile; 10 subs.

Sir G. Heathcote's ch. c. *Tawny Owl*, by Buzzard, out of Stately .... Chapple 1
Mr. Wreford's b. f. by Laurel, out of Monimia .... S. Day 2

The following were not placed:—Lord Exeter's f. by Sultan, out of Salute (Conelly); Lord Westminster's f. by Pantaloon, out of Bertha (J. Day); Captain Gardnor's br. c. by Gaberlunzie, out of Cinderella (Pavis). The Monimia filly (half-sister to Wintonian) was backed freely, first at 6 to 4 against, and finally at 7 to 4 on her, although there was nothing at all promising in her action when taking her gallop before the race; 3 to 1 laid agst Tawny Owl, but nothing worth quoting said about the others. The Gaberlunzie colt jumped off with the lead, with the favorite laid up, and the others alongside, so they kept to the distance, where the Salute filly fell astern. The two favorites now singled themselves out, and ran a beautiful race home, the finish being so nice a thing, that Chapple was agreeably surprised to find that he had won by a head. Gaberlunzie colt was third, Bertha filly fourth (both pretty well up), and Salute last. The winner, we believe, is in the Derby.

MATCH, 100 each, h. ft.: T. Y. C.

Capt. Gardnor's ch. f. by *Count Porro*, out of Mopsy, 8st. .... Pavis 1
Capt. Fairlie's ch. c. Squirrel, by Count Porro—Amy, 8st. 3lb. .... Wakefield 2

Won by half a length. No betting worth quoting.

WEDNESDAY.

A SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for 3 yr. old colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies and geldings, 8st. 4lb.; the winner of the Derby or Oaks to carry 7lb., the 2d for either, 3lb. extra; with 50*l.* added; Old Mile; 4 subs.

Colonel Peel's *Grand Cairo* .... Pavis 1
Duke of Rutland's b. c. by Catton, out of Slight .... Robinson 2

With nothing to recommend him but a most signal defeat at Newmarket, and reports of previous trials favorable beyond precedent, the Slight colt was the favorite at 7 to 4. The race proved that public running is the best criterion. The pair started nearly abreast, and kept so till near the turn, where Grand Cairo took the lead at a good pace, was never caught, and won very easily by a length.

A PLATE of 50*l.* for maiden horses at the time of starting; 3 yr. olds, 7st. 4lb.; 4, 8st. 8lb.; 5 and upwards, 9st. 2lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3lb.; Swinley Stakes Course.

Mr. Osbaldeston's *Mic-mac*, 3 yrs. .... Rogers 1
Lord Stradbroke's b. g. Fifer, 3 yrs. .... Nat 2
Mr. Fairlie's Nelson, 3 yrs. .... Wakefield 3

Betting: 6 to 5 on Fifer.—Mic-mac made first running at a good pace, Nelson lying second to the Old Mile post, where he passed Mic-mac, increased the pace, and kept in front till within a distance and a half from the chair; at this point Mic-mac resumed his lead, and the sailor gave way to the Fifer, who made an effort to get up, tired, and was beaten by a length; Nelson was several lengths astern.

The WINDSOR TOWN PLATE of 100 sovs.; 3 yr. olds, 7st.; 4, 8st. 6lb.; 5, 9st.; 6 and aged, 9st. 3lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3lb.; the winner to be sold for 250*l.*, &c.; winners of the value of 50*l.* in 1837, previous to starting, to carry 3lb.; twice of 50*l.* or once of 100*l.* 5lb. extra; two miles.

Mr. M. Stanley's *Willesden*, 4 yrs. .... J. Day 1
Lord Chesterfield's Edgar, 3 yrs. .... Rogers 2

The following were not placed:—Mr. Brown's Cornborough, 3 yrs. (Chapple): Mr. Page's Roderick, by Emilius, dam by Whisker, 4 yrs. (F. Butler); and Col. Peel's Grand Cairo, 3 yrs. (Pavis). The betting was heavy at 7 to 4 agst. Edgar, 5 to 2 agst. Grand Cairo, and 5 to 1 agst. Willesden. Roderick and Cornborough laid together in front for the first three-quarters of a mile, when, finding the pace too slow, Willesden, who had been lying at their haunches, went by them, and with the two in company, made the play to the distance, by which time Cornborough had had a bellyful: Edgar now took the second place, and was obliged to content himself with it, the Judge awarding the Plate to Willesden by a length. Grand Cairo and Roderick were well up with Edgar, but Cornborough was a long way behind. Willesden was claimed at Epsom for 150 sovs. An objection was made against Roderick on account of arrears of forfeits, but was overruled, in consequence of not having been made by eight o'clock on Tuesday night (see Jockey Club Rules).

The SWINLEY STAKES of 25 sovs. each, for 3 yr. olds, 7st. 4lb., and 4, 8st. 10lb.; fillies allowed 3lb.; last mile and a half; to start at the Swinley Post; 5 subs.

Colonel Peel's *Slane*, 4 yrs. .... Pavis 1
Mr. S. Stanley's Rat Trap, 3 yrs. .... Boyce 2

At first Rat Trap was the favorite, but at starting, Slane, the "gentle Slane," had the call at 5 to 4. He proved that "second thoughts are best," by making all the running, and winning in a canter by three lengths. After this, the Newmarket Stakes must have been a "mistake."

FREE HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., with 200 added; three miles; six subscribers.

Lord Suffield's *Alfred*, 4 yrs. 7st. 7lb. .... Pavis 1
Mr. W. Edwards' Royal George, 4 yrs. 7st. 9lb. .... Nat 2
Lord Conyngham's Toothill, 4 yrs. 6st. .... Boyce 3
Duke of Grafton's Calmuck, 4 yrs. 7st. .... Rogers 4

Betting: Even on Royal George, 2 to 1 agst. Alfred, and 7 to 1 agst. each of the others. Calmuck went away at a steady pace, Toothill following him, and the favorites pretty handy. After going about a mile and a half, Toothill, who had been pulling double, shot by him, Calmuck dropping astern, and the other two taking positions at Toothill's quarters; at the Old Mile the three were in close order, but at the turn Alfred took a decided lead, increased it as he neared home, and finally won in a canter by three lengths, Royal George having the same advantage over Toothill. Calmuck was tailed off long before he reached the winning-post. Alfred's running since Newmarket shows an immense improvement on his three year old form.

The POSTMASTERS' AND INNKEEPERS' PLATE of 80 sovs.; 3 yr. olds, 7st. 7lb.; 4, 8st. 7lb.; 5, 9st.; 6 and aged, 9st. 4lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3lb.; the winner to be sold for 100 sovs. &c.; the Old Mile.

Mr. Lambden's ch. f. *Ote*, by Dr. Eady—Rigmarole, 3 yrs. .... Wakefield 1
Mr. Saour's b. c. Rollicking Bob, by Scipio, 4 yrs. .... Macdonald 2

The following were not placed:—Mr. S. Day's Heiress, 4 yrs. (S. Day); Mr. Baker's Sister to Hatfield, 3 yrs. (Twitchett); Lord Chesterfield's b. g. Jack Brag, 5 yrs. (Nat); Mr. Osbaldeston's Ebberston Lass, 3 yrs. (Rogers); and Mr. Gardnor's Sister to Zenana, 3 yrs. (Pavis). Betting: 2 to 1 agst. Sister to Zenana, 3 to 1 agst. Heiress, 4 to 1 agst. Ebberston Lass, and 6 to 1 agst. Jack Brag. Ebberston Lass, with Sister to Zenana and Rollicking Bob at her heels, made play to the turn, where Ote joined them, and, on entering the straight running, had a trifling lead; at the distance Ebberston Lass declined, and the other three ran a splendid race home, Ote beating Rollicking Bob by a head, and Sister to Zenana by a length, the latter not placed; Ebberston Lass was fourth, Heiress and Jack Bang fifth and sixth, and sister to Hatfield last, but neither of them within six or eight lengths of the first three. The winner was claimed.

THURSDAY.

The WINDSOR FOREST STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for 3 yr. old fillies, 8st. 4lb.; the winner of the Two Thousand Guineas, Derby, or Oaks Stakes, to carry 5lb. extra; the Old Mile; 6 subs.

Lord Exeter's *Velure* .... Conelly 1
Mr. J. Day's Chapeau d'Espagne .... J. Day 2
Lord Chesterfield's Vacuna .... Robinson 3

Betting: 7 to 4 on Chapeau. Velure went off with a lead of two or three lengths, Chapeau second, and Vacuna third, with about the same space between them; they ran in this way from end to end, Velure winning by two lengths easily—a result which, differing so greatly from the Oaks race, can only be accounted for by Chapeau having gone off her running. (In the Handicap for Workingham, Vacuna was made to give Chapeau 2lb., after having been twice defeated by her in a canter).

SWEEPSTAKES of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft., for 2 yr. old colts, 8st. 5lb., and fillies, 8st. 2lb.; the winner of a Sweepstakes before or after naming to carry 3lb. extra; T. Y. C.; 6 subs.

Mr. Fairlie's ch. c. *Hydra*, by Sir Hercules, out of Zebra .... Wakefield 1
Duke of Rutland's f. by Hawker, dam by Pan—Vale Royal .... Robinson 2
Mr. Stevens' gr. c. Gimcrack, by Stumps, out of Maria .... Mann 3

Betting: 7 to 1 on the Hawker filly. Gimcrack ran in front for the first 50 yards; the Hercules colt then took it up, had it all his own way, and won in a trot by six lengths; there were at least six lengths between the second and third. Unfortunately for Mr. Fairlie, the winner, a very fine specimen of the Sir Hercules get, is not in the Derby.

The GOLD CUP, value 300 sovs., by subscriptions of 20 sovs. each, with 200 sovs. added from the Fund; the owner of the 2d horse to receive 50 sovs. out of the Stakes; 3 yr. olds, 6st. 10lb.; 4, 8st. 2lb.; 5, 8st. 12lb.; 6 and aged, 9st. 3lb.; mares allowed 3lb; to start at the Cup Post on the New Mile, and go once round, about two miles and a half; 34 subs.

Lord Westminster's *Touchstone*, 6 yrs. .... Scott 1
Colonel Peel's Slane, 4 yrs. .... Pavis 2
Mr. W. Edwards' Royal George, 4 yrs. .... Wright 3
Mr. Etwall's Alumnus, 4 yrs. .... J. Day 4

The betting on this once interesting race was spoilt by the mystification observed as to what would start. In the week preceding the meeting, so uncertain was it whether Touchstone would shew, that 6 and 7 to 4 was offered against him, p. p.; and at the same time 6 to 4 betted on him in case he ran. On Monday two or three parties of considerable influence took the chance of his having been "too short of work," and laid out two or three hundreds on him, first at 5 to 4 (agst.), and then at evens; others, fancying that Hornsea would be the nag,

took 4 to 1 to a small amount, and a few tens were picked up by laying 6 and 7 to 1 against Carew, and 10 to 1 each agst. Royal George and Slane. Hornsea's defeat for the Oatlands did not alter the state of the odds as it regarded him and Touchstone, except that from evens the field had a trifling call. On Wednesday afternoon it was generally understood that Touchstone would go, and as much as 6 to 4 betted on him, Hornsea still keeping his place. On Monday it was reported that Hornsea would not start, but no declaration to that effect was made, for want of which some of the uninitiated were picked up. The odds closed at 2 to 1 on Touchstone, 4 to 1 agst. Slane, 10 to 1 against Alumnus, and 25 to 1 agst. Royal George. We have observed before that the betting suffered from the want of some understanding about the start; had the slightest information been given from the proper quater, many would have been prevented from throwing their money into the fire. The start took place between three and four o'clock, Alumnus taking the lead at a moderate pace, Slane lying next him, Touchstone third, and Royal George last; there was no variation in these positions, and very little in the pace till they reached the brick-kiln (about a mile from home), where Slane took up the running and quickened the speed considerably, Touchstone following him round the turn; or getting into the straight running the latter went by Slane, left him further behind every stride he took, and won in the commonest canter imaginable by six lengths—it was a mere gallop for him, and not at all calculated to make him break down, as some predicted, when they saw his near fore-leg. Royal George was beaten three or four lengths from Slane, and Alumnus about the same from him. Touchstone won this cup last year; he also won the Doncaster Cup in 1835 and 6, and, should he keep sound, and go for it, will, in all probability, add the Goodwood prize to his other trophies. He has proved himself to be the best and fastest cup-horse, on a flat course, that has been seen for many years, and will, no doubt, increase the popularity of his sire, Camel.

The ALBANY STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for 3 yr. old colts, 8st. 7lb., and fillies, 8st. 3lb.; the winner of the Two Thousand Guineas Stakes, Derby, or Oaks, to carry 5lb. extra; the New Mile; 7 subs.

Lord Exeter's *Dardanelles*........Conelly 1
Mr. Phillimore's Sheriff........Rogers. 2
Lord Suffield's Pupil........Pavis.. 3

Betting: 3 to 1 on Dardanelles, who made play, and won by a length cleverly. Pupil was beaten before he had run half the distance.

SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., for 3 yr. old colts, 8st. 7lb., and fillies, 8st. 3lb.; the Old Mile; 7 subs.

Mr. Greville's *Mango*........Nat........ 1
Mr. S. Stanley's c. Rat Trap, by Bizarre—Young Mouse........Robinson.. 2

This race excited an immense deal of interest, the running of the two horses for the Derby having been so equal as to leave many in doubt as to their relative merits. The majority were in favor of Mango, and the odds, governed by the weight of money sent in, made him the favorite, at 6 to 4. Mango took the lead at his best pace, Rat-trap waiting till within eight or ten strides of the chair, where he went up on the upper side, but in doing so swerved. Robinson, however, got his head straight in an instant, and although, with so unavoidable a loss of ground, he could not win, he made the finish so close that Mango was pronounced the winner by a neck only—a very short one, as the Judge himself observed. Mango was terribly spurred. As Count Matuszevic remarked, "it was too near to be pleasant."

The BUCKHURST DINNER STAKES of 200 sovs. each, h. ft., for the produce of mares covered in 1833; colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 4lb.; those by untried stallions or out of untried mares allowed 3lb.; if both, 5lb.; from the Swinley Post in; 11 subs.

Lord Exeter's c. *Corban*, by Sultan, out of Miss Cantley........Conelly 1
Lord Lichfield's Cassandra, by Priam—Zillah (both untried)........S. Day. 2
Lord Exeter's c. Adrian, by Sultan, out of Augusta........Mann.. 3
Colonel Peel's ch. f. by Bedlamite, out of Garcia........Pavis.. 4

Betting. 11 to 8 on Corban, 3 to 1 agst. Garcia, and 5 to 1 agst. Cassandra. Cassandra cut out the work at a good pace, Adrian following her, Corban 3d, and Garcia 4th. At the distance Adrian had declined, and Corban, challenging the mare, defeated her without difficulty by half a length. The Garcia filly could not live the pace at any part of the race.

FRIDAY.

The First Class of the WORKINGHAM STAKES of 5 sovs. each, three quarters of the New Mile; 49 subs. to the two classes.

Lord Exeter's *Corban*, 3 yrs. 7st. 4lb........S. Mann. 1
Sir G. Heathcote's Valentissimo, 5 yrs. 9st........Chapple. 2

The following also started, but were not placed:—Mr. Robertson's Lucifer, 5 yrs. 8st. 10lb. (Macdonald); Mr. Forth's Louisa, 5 yrs. 8st. 6lb. (Twitchet); Lord Conyngham's Toothill, 4 yrs. 8st. (S. Day); Mr. W. Edwards's Crighton, 3 yrs. 7st. 4lb (Cotton); Lord Egremont's Helga, 4 yrs. 7st. 1lb. (Nat); Col. Peel's Clifton, 3 yrs. 6st. 9lb. (Pavis); Lord Lichfield's Cassandra, 3 yrs. 6st. 7lb. (Doe); Capt. Gardnor's sister to Zenana, 3 yrs. 6st. 5lb. (Boyce); Mr. J. Day's Chapeau d'Espagne, 3 yrs. 6st. 5lb. (W. Day). Betting: 5 to 2 agst. Corban (taken); 4 to 1 agst. Helga, 3 to 1, and afterwards 8 to 2 agst. Chapeau, 6 to 1 agst. Clifton, and 10 to 1 agst. Valentissimo. This Derby-like field got off at the first start, Helga with a slight lead, but all in compact order till they reached the road, where Corban and Valentissimo left the crowd, the latter having his head and shoulders in front until within a stride or two of the post, where Corban made a desperate push, and won by a head. The others had laid up to the distance, where they began to drop off, Clifton being last; Chapeau was third, and sister to Zenana fourth.

The Second Class of the WORKINGHAM STAKES of 5 sovs. each, three quarters of a mile; 49 subs.

Colonel Peel's *Grand Cairo*, 3 yrs. 6st. 11lb........Pavis.... 1
Mr. Shelley's Bodice, 6 yrs. 7st. 10lb........Chapple. 2

The following also started, but were not placed:—Mr. J. Day's Alumnus, 4 yrs. 8st. 13lb. (S. Day); Lord Tavistock's c. Lyrnessus, 5 yrs. 8st. 6lb. (Wright); Mr. Houldsworth's Felix, 5 yrs. 8st. 4lb. (Rogers); Mr. Gardnor's Ethilda, 5 yrs. 8st. (Conelly); Lord Chesterfield's Jack Brag, 5 yrs. 7st. 6lb. (Nat); Lord G. Bentinck's Foozool, 4 yrs. 6st. 13lb. (Read); Mr. Sadler's ch. g. br. to Delight, 4 yrs. 6st. 11lb (W. Day); Mr. Knight's Ote, 3 yrs. 6st. 11lb. (Wakefield); D. of Rutland's c. by Catton, out of Slight, 3 yrs. 6st. 5lb. (W. Boyce); Mr. Bond's Candia, 3 yrs. 6st. 5lb. (Harrison). Betting: 5 to 2 agst. Alumnus, 7 to 2 against br. to Delight, 4 to 1 agst. Foozool, 8 to 1 agst. Grand Cairo, 8 to 1 agst. Slight, 10 to 1 agst. Lyrnessus, and 10 to 1 agst. Ethilda.—After one false start the lot got away in the same beautiful order as the first class, Foozool taking a trifling lead with the Slight colt, Grand Cairo and Ethilda lying close to him; they kept nearly abreast to the distance, where Felix, Jack Brag, and Lyrnessus fell off; Grand Cairo went ahead at the betting stand, kept so to the end, and won cleverly by a length. Slight was third and Foozool fourth.

His Majesty's Plate for hunters; 4 yr. olds, 10st. 10lb.; 5, 11st. 7lb.; 6, 11st. 12lb.; and aged 12st.; maiden horses allowed 5lb.; half bred horses allowed 7lb. To start at the distance post, and go once round, about two miles and a distance.

Mr. Robertson's *Olympic*, 6 yrs........Macdonald. 1
Mr. Way's b. g. Denham, 5 yrs. (allowed 12lb)........G. Edwards 2

Six and seven to one on Olympic, who was never headed, and won by two lengths.

The *Stand Plate* of 100*l.* (handicap); once round and a distance.

Mr. Osbaldeston's *Mic-mac*, 3 yrs. 6st. 12lb........Rogers.. 1
Sir G. Heathcote's Valentissimo, 5 yrs. 8st. 13lb........Chapple. 2
Lord Chesterfield's Edgar, 3 yrs. 6st. 8lb........Boyce... 3

The following were not placed:—Mr. Houldsworth's Felix, 5 yrs. 8st. 8lb. (Trenn); Mr. Shelley's Reuben, 4 yrs. 6st. 12lb. (Wakefield); Lord Egremont's Helga, 4 yrs. 7st. 1lb. (Nat); Lord Conyngham's Toothill, 4 yrs. 6st. 12lb. (W. Day); Mr. Phillimore's Lady Anna, 4 yrs. 8st. 4lb. (Conelly); Mr. Forth's Famine, 6 yrs. 8st. 9lb. (Twitchet); Mr. Gardnor's Magician, 4 yrs. 8st. 4lb. (Pavis).

Betting: 5 to 2 agst. Mic Mac, 4 to 1 agst. Helga, 7 to 1 agst. Felix, 7 to 1 agst. Valentissimo, 9 to 1 against Toothill, and 10 to 1 agst. Famine.

Famine took the lead at a steady pace, Foozool lying next her, with Mic Mac, Helga, and Lady Anna at his side, Edgar and Valentissimo in the ruck. After making the first turn Foozool, somewhat against the inclination of his juvenile jock, ran up to Famine, and forced the pace down the hill, Mic Mac giving way a little to the severity of the speed; at the second turn Famine resumed the lead, followed by Helga to close in the turn for straight running, where the old mare declined, and Helga took her place, Toothill, Edgar, and Mic Mac being at this time in good positions. At the distance Helga gave up, and Edgar went on with the running. Valentissimo had hitherto been in the rear of three or four horses, and had to go round them to get in front—this he did immediately after Helga declined, and got to Edgar's shoulders, Mic Mac, who had all through been suffering from the pace, struggling gallantly behind, and overtaking them a few strides from home by dint of stoutness, good riding, and whip-cord; the contest between these three was one of the severest ever seen, Mic Mac beating Valentissimo by a head, and Edgar by half a length at the outside; they were quite clear of the ruck. Helga was fourth, Toothill fifth, and Famine sixth.

A Plate of 50*l.*, the gift of the Members for the Borough of Windsor, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs each, for 2 and 3 yr. olds; 2 yrs. 7st.; 3, 9st. 2lb.; fillies and geldings allowed 3lbs; the winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded, &c.; three quarters of a mile; 6 subs.

Mr. Knight's ch. f. *Ote*, 2 yrs. 8st. 11lb........G. Edwards 1
Colonel Peel's Grand Cairo, 3 yrs. 9st. 2lb........Pavis...... 2
Col. Peel's Clifton, 3 yrs. 9st. 2lb........Nat........ 3
Mr. Bond's Candia, 3 yrs. 8st. 11lb........Conelly... 4
Mr. M. Stanley's Magnet, 3 yrs. 8st. 11lb........S. Day..... 5
Capt. Fairlie's b. f. by Shakspeare, 2 yrs. 6st. 11lb........Wakefield. 6

Betting: 2 to 1 on Grand Cairo. The lot got so close together, that it is difficult to say which made play till they reached the distance. Grand Cairo then came out, was directly after challenged by Ote, and defeated cleverly by a length. The winner was claimed.

Match, 50, h. ft.—Mr. Fairlie's *Squirrel*, 2 yrs., received from Mr. Roe's Tyke, 3 yrs.

No race for the Beaten Plate, which, in order to ensure sport, is likely to be made a selling race. Bell's Life in London, June 11.

A STABLE OF HORSES IN TRAINING FOR SALE.

EXPECTING to be obliged to go to Europe early in the next month on business, I would be glad to sell three valuable horses, now in training, and at this time very promising. They consist of Lady Cliffden, who won all her races of the last year at 3 years old. Another fine 2 year old colt by Sussex, and a very fine 3 year old out of Grecian Princess, by Maryland Eclipse, (one of the best sons of old Eclipse), and in the great Dorsey Stakes at the Central Course.

These horses will be sold at fair prices for stock of their acknowledged value, and time would be given on a portion of their purchase, if well secured and desired. A careful and experienced trainer might also be obtained with the horses, if a sufficient inducement be held out to him. I would also sell Grecian Princess, with a Tranby colt by her side, for $2500, or Betsey Wilson, also with a Tranby colt for the same price. Application must be made early if a purchase is to be effected.

THOS. EMORY, Eastern Shore of Maryland.

P.S. For the pedigrees of my Stock *in extenso*, see the 6th vol. Turf Register, page 423.
[A15] T. E.

FINE BROOD MARE FOR SALE,

BY ECLIPSE, out of *Sally Slouch*, by Virginian, 6 years old this Spring. She has fine size and action, and is remarkably handsome. Coming of the good old fashioned stout and lasting sort, with a pedigree second to none, a more desirable mare for the breeding stud is rarely to be purchased except at an enormous price. She will be sold at a bargain if applied for immediately, and may be seen within a few hours' ride of this city. Apply to the editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [A26]

BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

ON the last Saturday in July next I will sell at my Farm, St. Leger, in Chesterfield County, 15 miles from Richmond, and 25 from Petersburg, *all* my Blooded Stock, consisting of BROOD MARES, COLTS, and FILLIES, of all ages; together with the whole stable of horses trained by me this Spring—a list of which follows:—

Experiment, 5 yrs. old, by Jack Downing, dam by Rattler.
Ormond, 5 yrs., by Charles, dam by Alfred.
Margaret Armistead, 5 yrs., by Imp. Apparition, dam by Ogle's Oscar.
Reindeer, 4 yrs., by Sussex, out of the dam of Margaret Armistead.
Sorrel Filly, 4 yrs., by Charles, dam by Hal, grandam sister to Trifle's dam.
Sorrel Colt, 3 yrs., by Charles, dam by Medley, grandam Merino Ewe.
Sorrel Colt, 3 yrs., by Charles, dam by Tariff, grandam sister to Tuckahoe.
Sorrel Colt, 3 yrs., by Eclipse, dam by Jack Andrews.
Bay Colt, 3 yrs., by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Charles.
Sorrel Filly, 3 yrs., by Eclipse, dam by Screamer.
Sorrel Filly, 3 yrs., by Eclipse, dam by J. C.
Gr. F. Gift, 3 yrs., by Grey Beard, dam by Charles.
S. F., 2 yrs., by Andrew, dam Drunken Frolic.
S. F., 2 yrs., by Andrew, dam Niree.
B. F., 2 yrs., by Grey Beard, dam by Charles.
S. F., 1 yr., by Hotspur, dam Drunken Frolic.
S. F., 1 yr., by Hotspur, dam by Tariff.
S. F., 1 yr., by Hotspur, dam by Medley, grandam Merino Ewe.
S. F., 4 yrs., Full Sister to Collier.

Brood Mares.

Arietta.
Drunken Frolic, by full brother to Middlesex (Capt. Stockton's), out of the dam of Collier.
Sorrel mare, by Medley, dam Merino Ewe.
Bay mare, by Tariff, dam Sister to Tuckahoe.
Bay mare, by John Richards, out of the dam of Trumpator.
(With their foals.)

Also the most promising colt I know in Virginia, by Shark, dam Arietta, with a great many others.

Terms of sale, 12 months credit, with interest added. Negotiable notes, with approved endorsers.

Black Heath, July 1, 1837. [Ju8] JOHN HETH.

FOR SALE,

THREE SPLENDED JACKS, for Breeding.—They are from the Pyrenees, of extraordinary height, being from 15 to 16 hands high, with immense bone, and in every respect superior animals, and worthy the attention of breeders. They can be seen at Lewis's stable, corner of Stone and Broad sts. For terms apply to 84 Front-st., up stairs. [Ju8-3t]

MEDLEY COLT FOR SALE.

A GREY COLT, by Medley, of first rate pedigree, fine form and size, and now two years old. For terms apply to the Editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [m27]

PUBLIC NOTICE.

WE, the undersigned, will offer at public sale, at the late residence of JOSEPH A. MABRY, deceased, in Knox county, twelve miles west of Knoxville, on the 24th day of October next, and continue until the sale is completed, the well known stable of Race-Horses and a variety of other Blooded Stock, all the Farm Horses, Cattle, Hogs, Sheep, Jacks and Jennies, Household and Kitchen Furniture of various descriptions; the well-known Farm, the late residence, (except the widow's dower), together with all the other smaller tracts belonging to said estate; all the Corn, Fodder, Oats, Hay, Wheat, &c., which is on hands at the day of sale. Many other articles too tedious to mention.

Bond and approved security, and twelve months credit on all sums over five dollars, and a discount of six per cent per annum, for all cash paid on sums over five dollars.

Further particulars will be made known on the day of sale. Mr. James Cox will show the Farm.

All persons indebted to said estate, are requested to come forward and make payment immediately, and those having claims against it, are hereby notified to file their claims with us, within the time required by law, or they will be forever barred.

GEO. W. MABRY,
JAMES COX, *Executors.*
W. T. GIVENS.

Knoxville, Tenn., June 14, 1837. [Jy1-5t]

FISHING TACKLE.

ANGLERS will find a good assortment of articles in this line, at J. CONROY'S Fishing Tackle Store, 52 Fulton, corner of Cliff-street. Rods and reels repaired. [Jul.]

WANTED,

FOR some of the Western Theatres, for the term of five years, three American young ladies, of unquestionable respectability, from fifteen to twenty years of age. They must be well versed in erudition, and have some knowledge of music. For such, very liberal encouragement will be given. Address, within thirty days, (post paid) to

[J24] THOS. M. GROVES, N. Y. Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway.

VETERINARY SURGEONS.

TO THE OWNERS OF HORSES, COWS, AND DOGS.—Carter & Mills, Veterinary Surgeons, respectfully inform the public, that, having taken the Stables and Yard in Broadway, opposite Waverley Place, they intend carrying on the veterinary business in all its branches, and they hope that attention and moderate charges will entitle them to a share of patronage and support.

Sick or lame horses received at the stables at $6 per week, including medicine, attendance and keep.

Horses and Cows attended in town or country at equally moderate rates

Medicine for every disease the horse, dog, or cow is liable to, prepared and sold at the Infirmary, and advice gratis.

☞ Horses bought or sold on Commission.
☞ Horses examined, and opinion given as to soundness. [m13]

REMOVAL.

P. C. STRYKER most respectfully informs his friends and customers that he has removed over the way, to that large and commodious brick house, lately occupied by Mr. S. B. Campion. He hopes to merit the patronage of his old friends and as many new ones as he can get.

Mount Holly, N. J., March 27, 1837 [A1.]

RIFLE TACTICS.

THIS is the title of a book recently published in this city, 72 pages, 18vo. The work is well calculated to answer the purpose for which it is intended, and every man belonging to a rifle corps should be possessed of one. Price by the dozen 31¼ cents, and can be had at this office, 157 Broadway. [m13]

DENTISTRY.

I HAVE returned from a protracted sea voyage excursion to the West Indies, and am now prepared to see my patrons and friends at my residence, corner of Broadway and Chambers street. [A22] JOHN BURDELL.

STEAMBOAT CHAMPION.

THE Steamboat Champion having been thoroughly repaired and newly fitted up, will resume her regular trips between Mobile and Pensacola, on Sunday, the 2d inst. and will leave here every other day thereafter, at eight o'clock in the morning, precisely. This steamboat is now in first rate order, and is connected with the Florida Line to Augusta, Georgia, &c. &c. Passengers in going this route, will find it one of the safest and best in the Southern country. Fare from Mobile to Pensacola, $6. E. MURRAY, Master.

N. B. Parties wishing to charter the Champion for trips of pleasure down the Bay, can do so by giving a day or two's notice. [J17] Mobile, Ala., June 1, 1837.

PAVILLION—NEW BRIGHTON.

THIS magnificent establishment, the architectural beauty and arrangement of which competes with any other on the continent, having been furnished by the Pavillion Association, opens as a Hotel (under the charge of the subscriber) for the reception of boarders on Monday next, 10th inst.

Its situation is considered by all who view it, as the most eligible of any in the bay of N. York, for the purpose intended. The Pavillion consists of four edifices, united by corridors, piazzas, and collonades. The centre building is three stories high, surmounted by a dome and observatory, supported by columns. The centre building, 60 by 80, contains ten rooms adapted to be used as parlors, saloons, or drawing rooms, and twelve bed-rooms. In the rear of this building, connected by a corridor, is the great saloon, banqueting, or ball-room, 88 feet by 40, with a splendid dome ceiling. The basement under this room contains kitchens of the most approved construction, store-rooms, larders, cellars, vaults, ice-house, &c. Connected with the centre building by a grand collonade and corridor, are two wings, each 160 feet by 50, two stories high, besides basements and attics, containing 33 rooms and chambers.

The front of the whole is adorned by three magnificent porticos, forming with the connecting platforms a grand promenade, 231 feet in length by 15 in width. The perspective view formed through its vista of columns, is one of the most splendid that can be imagined.—The edifice is surrounded by grounds on which the hand of improvement is actively engaged.

Of all the bathing places and summer residences on our sea board, New Brighton must soon become the most distinguished, as it is already the most attractive, from the purity of the atmosphere, the beauty of its position, the elegance of its buildings, its convenience and accommodation for sea-bathing, and the variety of its amusements; while its proximity to the commercial emporium affords facilities to the man of business as well as to those who are in pursuit of health or of pleasure, which it is believed cannot be found so well united elsewhere. Excellent steamboats ply hourly between this and the city, and perform the trip in 20 to 30 minutes.

New Brighton, Staten Island, is situated on an undulating surface, rising gradually from the water; comprehending to the eastward a noble view of the bay of New York, with the shipping and ports of the cities of New York and Brooklyn, and Long Island to the Narrows. On the north, a prospect of the Hudson River to the Palisades, including Hoboken and Jersey City; while towards the west may be seen Newark and its bay, down to Elizabethport, with the range of Bergen woods.

Staten Island is about 16 miles long, with an average breadth of about four miles; it is well wooded, and its surface finely varied by hill and dale, with good roads in all directions. From every eminence the most magnificent panoramic views of ships and spires, villas and groves, sea and bay, country and city, present themselves. This variety of scenery throughout the Island renders the rides and walks particularly inviting and interesting; while its woods and waters afford amusement to the sportsman. The air is remarkable for its salubrity, as numerous instances of longevity among the inhabitants fully attest, and indicates its importance to those who desire to retain or recover the most inestimable of earthly blessings—health.

This establishment will continue open throughout the year, and the terms for board and other accommodations will be such as to make it an object of economy, as well as comfort, to the citizens of New York, to select it as a permanent residence. The breakfast hour in summer is at 7½ o'clock, and dinner at 4 o'clock. The steamboat which leaves New York at 3½ o'clock, reaches New Brighton before dinner is announced. The last boat to town passes at a quarter before 7 in the evening, and the first in the morning at a quarter before 8 o'clock. Board for the summer season will not exceed eight dollars per week. Children and servants half price.

One wing of the Pavillion is arranged for the accommodation of females, the other for single gentlemen, with a smoking saloon fronting the bay attached.

EDWARD MILFORD.

N. B. The Wines selected for this Hotel are very choice, and will be disposed of at reduced rates. [July 15-1t.]

BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

CAPTAIN STOCKTON, of the U.S. Navy, having determined to retire from the Turf, offers for sale his entire Stock of Thorough Bred Horses.

Stallions.

No. 1.—The imported horse TRUSTEE, foaled in 1829, by Catton, out of Emma, by Whisker, full brother to Mundig, the winner of the Derby in 1835, and was a capital race horse himself, See English Racing Calendar. [*SOLD.*]

No. 2.—POWHATTAN, grey horse, 16 hands high, foaled in 1830, by Monsieur Tonson, out of the celebrated four mile mare, Iris, by Archy. He was a horse of great promise as a racer. He won mile heats and 3 mile heats from good fields, and broke down in running 4 mile heats against Post Boy and Henry Archy.

No. 3.—DASHALL, br. h. foaled in 1825, 16 hands high, by Archy, out of Meg Dodds, full sister to Miss Mattie, and Isabella—his dam now owned by Mr. R. L. Stevens, of New York. He was a capital racer himself, and his colts are amongst the most promising in New Jersey.

Horses in Training.

No. 4.—MIDDLESEX, ch. h., 16 hands high, by Sir Charles, out of Powancey, by Alfred—her dam Virgo, by Imp. Sir Peter Teazle, out of Castinira, the dam of Archy. There are very few horses in the United States that rank higher for speed or beauty than Middlesex.

No. 5.—BERGEN, gr. c. foaled in 1833, by Medley, out of Charlotte Pace. This is a horse of good speed and bottom. For the pedigree of Charlotte Pace see No. 15.

No. 6.—Imported b. h. LANCFORD, by Starch, out of Peri, the dam of Hercules, purchased by J. P. Corbin, Esq. from the King's Stud at Hampton Court—foaled in 1833. He was the winner of the great Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, over the National Course, Spring of 1836.

No. 7.—Imported b. h. JOHN BULL, foaled 1833, by Chateau Margaux, dam by Woful—grandam Beningbrough, g. g. dam Highflyer—See English Stud Book. This horse has never been started, but is a colt of great promise.

No. 8.—Ch. c. SOMERSET, foaled 1831, by Sir Charles, out of the dam of Middlesex.

No. 9.—B. f. MARGARET, foaled 1834, by Dashall, out of Young Nettletop, the dam of Monmouth. For pedigree of Young Nettletop see No. 18.

Colts and Fillies.

No. 10.—Ch. f. by Eclipse, out of Charlotte Pace, foaled 1835. For pedigree of Charlotte Pace see No. 15.

No. 11.—Bay f. by Eclipse, dam Miss Mattie, foaled 1835—for pedigree of Miss Mattie see No. 19.

No. 12.—Chesnut colt by Monmouth Eclipse, out of the dam of Middlesex, foaled 1835.

No. 13—Chesnut filly by Powhattan, out of Blanche, foaled 1835—see No. 20.

No. 14—Chesnut colt by Shark, out of Miss Mattie, foaled 1836—see No. 19.

Brood Mares.

No. 15—Bay mare CHARLOTTE PACE, by Archy, her dam by the Imp. horse Restless, out of Green's celebrated Celer mare by Janus—stinted to Trustee.

No. 16—Chesnut mare POWANCEY, by Alfred, out of Virgo, by Sir Peter Teazle, imported, out of Castinira, the dam of Archy—stinted to Trustee.

Mo. 17—Gray mare BIANCA, foaled 1830, by Medley, out of Powancey—stinted to Trustee.

No. 18—Chesnut mare YOUNG NETTLETOP, by Marshal Duroc, out of Old Nettletop, by Diomed—Imp. horse Old Sharke—Lindsay's Arabian—Lee's Old Mark Anthony—Imp. horse Silver Eye—Imp. horse Crawford—Imp. horse Old Janus—Imp. Mare—See Am. Stud Book, page 361. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 19—Bay mare MISS MATTIE, by Archy, out of Black Ghost—Miss Mattie is own sister to Wynn's celebrated mare Isabella, the dam of Drone and Martha Washington—See Am. Stud Book, vol. 1, page 267. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 20—Chesnut mare BLANCHE, foaled 1821, by Marshal Duroc, dam Cornet, by Expedition, grandam Cleopatra, by Imp. Slender, g. g. dam Semiramis, by Messenger, g. g. g. dam the Bashaw mare. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 21—Imported bay mare LADY MOSTYN, foaled 1831; got by Teniers, out of Invalid, by Whisker; grandam Helen, by Hambletonian, g. g. dam Susan, out of Drowsy, by Drone; Mr. Goodrich's Old England mare, &c. See English Stud Book and Weatherby's Racing Calendar. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 22—Gray mare HELEN, foaled 1830; by Lance, dam by Oscar—Expedition, by Imp. Highlander—Fair American, by Lloyd's Traveller—Miss Slamerkin, by Wildair, out of the Imp. Cub mare, by Cub. Stinted to Trustee.

These horses have been selected from the most fashionable Stock in the United States and in England, without regard to cost. They are estimated to be worth over 40,000 dollars, but will be sold together for $30,000, or one or more at a low valuation.

BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

NO. 1. *Lady Tomkins*, a chesnut, bred by Samuel Purdy, of New York, and foaled in 1831. She was got by American Eclipse, out of Katy Ann, bred by James Bathgate, Esq. of West Farms, Westchester Co., N. Y. She was got by Ogle's Oscar, (son of Imp. Gabriel and Vixen, by Imp. Medley) out of Young Maid of the Oaks (the dam of Medoc), by Imp. Expedition, grandam Old Maid of the Oaks, by Imp. Spread Eagle, &c. &c.

She is therefore the same blood as Medoc, with the addition of an intervening cross, through her dam of Ogle's Oscar, from whom she obtains a dip of the blood of Imp. Gabriel and Old Imp. Medley. Not put in 1836. Stinted to Imp. Tranby, and now with him at Lexington, Ky.

No. 2. *Maid of Miami*, ch. f., foaled in 1834, by Orphan Boy, (son of Eclipse and Old Maid of the Oaks), out of Katy Ann above, large and of great substance.

No. 3. *Fleur-de-Lis*, br. f., foaled in 1835, got by Imp. Valentine, out of Katy Ann, is of one color, and in high racing form—fine size.

No. 4. *Orville*, ch. c. foaled in 1836, by Imp. Daghee, dam Lady Tomkins, (No. 1)—large and fine.

Apply to LEWIS BEACH, merchant, New York, or M. BEACH, Lebanon, Ohio, (where the stock may be seen) and every further information given that may be required.

Lebanon, Ohio, March 17, 1837. [A29-tf.]

SWEEPSTAKES, HAMPTON COURSE, GEORGIA.

THE following Sweepstakes are to be run over the Hampton Course, near Augusta, Ga., at their regular annual meetings.

In all cases where there is a privilege of declaring off, the lesser forfeit must be paid to the Treasurer of the Club as much as two weeks previous to the race, or the party entering will be bound for the larger forfeit. The Club will appoint the day of running. When there are more than one Sweepstakes to be run at the same meeting, there shall be two days intervene, in order to enable gentlemen to run the same colt in both Stakes. The shorter race shall come off first. The death of the colt, or the demise of its owner, cancels the entry. An entry may be changed before the day of closing, and all entries must be made before that day. An entry mailed within that time, with the Postmaster's stamp or certificate, shall be deemed valid.

NOW OPEN.

Sweepstakes for 1837-38.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1834; entrance $250, forfeit $125, declaration $50. Five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st July, 1837. Mile heats.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1834; entrance $500, forfeit $125, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st July, 1837. Mile heats.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1834; entrance $1000, forfeit $500, declaration $100; four or more to make a race. To name and close 1st August, 1837. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. M. L. Hammond names ch. c. Gerow, by Henry, dam by Eclipse.
2. Col. W. Hampton names b. f. Emily, by Emilius, dam Elizabeth.
3. John Morrison names b. c. Target, by Luzborough.
4. Col. John S. Ashe names ch. f. by Godolphin, dam Sally Taylor, by Kosciusko.
5. E. M. Seabrook names ch. f. by Luzborough, dam Miss Medway, by Kosciusko.

Sweepstakes for 1838-39.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1835; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and closed 1st August, 1837. Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. J. G. Guignard names b. f. by Docken, dam by Sertorius.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1835; ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75; four or more to make a race. To name and close 1st August, 1837. Mile heats.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1835; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100; to name and close 1st August, 1837. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. John E. Colhoun names b. f. Nullification, by Nullifier, dam by Tartar.
2. John G. Winter names b. f. Miss Accident, by Tramp, dam by Whisker.
3. " " b. f. Miss Armstrong, by Tramp.
4. " " ch. c. Geo. Stanley, by John Stanley, d. by John Richards.
5. John Morrison names f. by Eclipse, dam by Barefoot.
6. " " f. by Henry, dam Highland Mary.
7. Col. W. Hampton names b. f. Ella, by Emilius, dam Ada.
8. Col. Paul Fitzsimmons names ch. f. Ada Byron, by Priam, dam Delphine.
9. E. M. Seabrook names ch. f. by Godolphin, dam Miss Medway.

Sweepstakes for 1839-40.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. John P. C. Whitehead names ch. f. Andrew Anna, by Andrew, dam by Sir Walter.
2. John G. Winter names b. c. Billy Harris, by Tonson, dam by Ariel.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100; four or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

Sweepstakes for 1840-41.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and close *before* 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $500, ft. 250, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. J. G. Guignard enters produce of Empress, by Henry—colt by Rowton.

For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100, four or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton enters produce of Emmy, imp., by Magistrate—colt by Rowton.

Sweepstakes for 1841-42.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1838; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; to name and close before 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

2d. Ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1838; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100; to name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton names produce of Bay Maria, by Eclipse—Colt by Rowton.
2. " " " Augusta, by Crusader—Colt by Rowton.

Stallion Stakes, Foals of 1838.

Entrance $1000, ft. $500, declaration $250. To name and close on or before 1st April, 1837. To come off 1841. Three or more entries to make a race.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton names the get of Rowton. [A1]

LOUISVILLE HOTEL.

[mh18 6m.] LOUISVILLE, Ky. By S. HASKELL.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

WADE'S CONDITION POWDERS FOR HORSES, have been extolled upwards of 37 years in England and France, as the best and only preparation to promote the condition of horses. They destroy the worms, and botts, loosens the hide, fines the coat, purifies the blood, so as to do away the necessity of bleeding, renders the food more nutritive, prevents the animal taking cold after exposure to heat, and are at all times a great restorative after a hard day's work. They have been tested by the first Veterinary Surgeons, and certificates granted as to their efficacy in the above named cases. Sold at 37 1-2 cents, or $4,50 a dozen packages, accompanied with full directions and recommendations round each packet. Sold by J. H. Hart, corner of Broadway and Chambers-street, sole importing agent, where they may be obtained wholesale or retail. [J28-tf]

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 36 Division St. New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c. will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.

Cumberland's British and Minor Drama, Duncomb's British Theatre; Miller's Modern Acting Drama; Strange's edition of Buckstone's Dramas, and Bayly's Farces—complete sets always on sale.

Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.

New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union. [J17]

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

AUGUSTA, Ga. - - - -	Lafayette Co., Match, $5000 a-side, *Gerow* vs. *Charlotte Barnes*, Dec. 4.
" "	Jockey Club, Lafayette Course, Annual meeting, 1st Tuesday, 5th Dec.
BLAINVILLE, L. C. - -	Annual Fall meeting, 1st Thursday, 3d Aug.
BATESVILLE, Arks. -	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Oct.
CLARKSVILLE, Tenn.	Red River Course, Sweepstakes, 1st Wednesday in Sept.
CAMDEN, S. C. - - - -	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Monday in Nov.
CLEAVELAND, Ohio. -	Annual Fall meeting, 1st Monday, 7th Aug.
DANVILLE, Va. - - - -	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Oct.
GREENSBORO', Ala. - -	Henry Course, Jockey Club Fall meeting, 4th Tuesday, 24th Oct.
GREENSBURGH, Ky. -	Match, 2 m. h., $1000 a-side, *Ben Duncan* vs. *Robt. Burns*, 12th Oct.
" "	Match, $300 a-side, 2 mile heats, *Waxetta* vs. s. c. by Waxy, 11th Oct.
KENDALL Co., Md. -	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 10th Oct.
LAURENCEVILLE, Va.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Thursday, 14th Sept.
MOBILE, Ala. - - - - -	Bascombe Course, Jockey Club Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 21st Nov.
MONTREAL, L. C. - -	St. Pierre Course, Turf Club annual Fall meeting, last Tuesday in Aug.
MECKLENBURG, Va. -	Buffalo Course, Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 10th Oct.
MONTREAL, L. C. - -	Turf Club, Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 5th Sept.
MILLEDGEVILLE, Ga.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday of Nov.
NIAGARA FALLS, U.C.	Annual Fall meeting, 4th Wednesday, 23d Aug.
NATCHEZ, Miss. - - -	Match, 2 m. h., for 500 Bales Cotton, *Angora* vs. *Rodolph*, 17th May, 1838.
NASHVILLE, Tenn. - -	Match, — heats, $5,000 aside, produce of Bertrand and Eclipse, of Tenn., vs. produce of Leviathan and Marshal Ney, of Mississippi, Fall, 1838.
NEW YORK CITY. - -	Union Course, L. I., Match, $5000 a-side, Mile heats, *Henry A. Wise* vs. *Gift*, to come off during the Second Fall meeting.
NEW ORLEANS, La. -	Jockey Club Fall meeting, Eclipse Course, 1st Tuesday, 5th Dec.
OLYMPIAN SPR'GS, Ky.	Bath Jockey Club Fall meeting, last Thursday, 28th Sept.
OXFORD, N. C. - - - -	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 17th Oct.
PHILADELPHIA, Pa. -	Camden Course, N. J.—Match, Four mile heats, $10,000 a-side, $3000 ft., *Charlotte Russe* vs. *Lady Cliffden*, during the ensuing Fall meeting.
RUSSELLVILLE, Ky. -	Annual Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 19th Sept.
THREE RIVERS, L. C.	Annual meeting, 2d Thursday, 10th Aug. King's Plate to be run for.
TORONTO, U. C. - - -	City of Toronto and York Co. meeting, Simcoe Chace Course, 6th Sept.
UPPER MARLBORO, Md.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday of Oct.
VICKSBURG, Miss. - -	Match, —— heats, $4000 a-side, on Tuesday previous to Fall meeting of 1837, *Miss Lindsay* vs. Col. Bingaman's f. by Leviathan & Bertrand.
" "	Match, $5000 aside, 1 mile out, *D. Hardeman*, vs. *Bob Collins*, 20th Nov.

☞ Under this head, Secretaries of Clubs and Clerks of Courses throughout the country may have the dates of their respective meetings inserted, free of expence, in the N. YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES. For a great number of RACING, TROTTING, PEDESTRIAN, AQUATIC SHOOTING, and other MATCHES and CHALLENGES, at home and abroad, see previous numbers.

BOAT RACE IN GEORGIA.

Slips by the Express mail, forwarded by the Editors of the Augusta Chronicle and Sentinel, and the Editor of the Courier, inform us of a spirited boat race that took place in that city on Wednesday, the 20th inst., for a prize given by Mr. HART, the manager of the Augusta theatre.

THE BOAT RACE!

No event since the departure of the Volunteers for Florida has drawn together such a crowd of the citizens of Augusta, as the Boat Race which had been previously announced to take place yesterday evening, at half past six o'clock. Long before the appointed hour, although a lowering cloud threatened a heavy fall of rain, all the streets and avenues leading in the direction of the river began to be thronged by groups, moving with animated steps, and begone-dull-care-countenances, towards the scene of anticipated rivalry. Such a thing had never been witnessed at Augusta—its novelty created a thrilling interest in every bosom. Here might be seen a bevy of ladies—old and young—the worthy matron and the blooming maiden, their faces radiant with smiles, their bosoms throbbing with anxiety—there, treading with firm and onward pace, the man of years—with elastic step, the pride of manhood and the buoyant youth—yonder, whole troops and squadrons of noisy, laughing, jovial boys. Such a scene! All Augusta was literally in commotion. By the appointed hour of starting, the lower bridge—the goal, the *punctum saliens*, was filled, and the banks and wharves above, on both sides of the river, lined with spectators, amounting in all, we should suppose, to not less than two thousand persons, of all ages, sexes, and complexions. The moment approaches, the boats are at their stations under the bridge, and the uplifted oar signifies that all are ready. A breathless silence pervades the multitude, the signal word is sounded, the oar drops into its element, the music strikes up its animating strains, and the pealing shout of the spectators announces that they are off!

The Red Michael having had the choice of stations at the starting point, selects the current of the river as necessary to her great draft of water, and is consequently nearest the Carolina side; the Pioneer takes the middle ground, and Minerva nearest the Georgia shore. A few strokes of the oar place the Minerva ahead, the Pioneer next, and indicate that the Red Michael *must* lose the race. The latter boat, having to stem the current in order to avoid striking on the sand bars, just under the surface of the water, in the gentlest part of the stream, added to her width of construction and shortness, labored under great disadvantages. The same may be said of the Pioneer to some extent; she having actually dragged through the soft sands for a short distance, in endeavoring to avoid the current. Her lighter draft and narrow construction gave to the Minerva a decided advantage. Nor was it left unavailed. Beautifully she glided through her own element—straight as the arrow's course, sped from an Indian's bow, was her's—steady as the step of time itself, and long the pull of her crew—scarcely a wave broke from her prow—not a sound was heard save the dip of the oars, as light as "the feather'd foot of time,"

"She walked the water like a thing of life."

Nor was the Pioneer idle. The sand bar passed, the current left, her noble crew, with "lusty sinews," buffetted the resisting element—the white foam gushed from her cut-water, catching the strong stroke of her oars as she gallantly dashed ahead in pursuit of her gallant antagonist. The Red Michael—she too has passed the sand bar and gained the stiller water—the long, strong, and steady pull of her oars would have told upon any other craft but her, and showed that the boat could be beat, but not the crew. Fourteen and a half minutes have passed—the Minerva has reached the upper bridge, the turning point, and circling round the arch, is on her homeward course. Scarce has her stern left the arch, when the bow of the Pioneer cuts the space between the bridge and the water on her way up, and turning to the Carolina side, is in the wake of the Minerva, "determined to do or die." The Red Michael having yet 150 yards to make up stream, while both her competitors were pulling with the current, the race now became evidently confined to the two last. The trim built of the Minerva was now no advantage to her—the Pioneer gains upon her. They come—closer and closer, and still they come. Now they are opposite the crowded wharves—Minerva still ahead, Pioneer still gaining—mingled shouts burst from the multitude,—"Pioneer!"—"Minerva!"—"Huzza!" The Pioneer hugs the Carolina shore, and thereby gets decidedly the advantage of the strongest current. They pass the lower platform of the wharf on the Hamburg side—a few feet only divide them—a shout, as if bursting from the very bosoms of the Carolinians, rends the air,—"Huzza! pull, Pioneer, pull!" Now they approach the bridge—now comes the last tug—the death struggle of one to hold her slight advantage, and of the other to turn the scale. What a moment of anxiety and excitement! A breathless silence pervades the multitude, save here and there an involuntary shout of "Pioneer!" responded by "Minerva!" The animating music is again struck up—the point is made—amid the shouts of the multitude the goal is passed, and the MINERVA is the *victor* by scarcely a length. Time, 23½ minutes.

The boats were pulled to the shore, where congratulations to the victors, and compliments to the vanquished, were freely and heartily offered by such as could get near enough to perform that friendly office.

After turning the upper bridge, the Red Michael gave up the contest; her crew rowing her leisurely to the lower bridge—performing the whole distance up and down in 28½ minutes. It is due to them to say, that she is nothing but a common yawl, belonging to the steamboat Free Trade, altogether incapable of being rowed with success by any crew, against either of the other boats. Their only object in running her was to add to the sport, without a hope of winning the prize. No one who saw their manly exertions under so many disadvantages, doubts that with a better boat, they would have proved themselves equal to their worthy competitors.

Long may boat racing be encouraged! It is a noble, interesting, and innocent amusement. The multitude assembled yesterday evening will bear testimony to this. Our river is a race ground always in order.

The following gentlemen composed the crew of the Minerva:—C. M. Curtis, Captain; Messrs. James Wray, Wm. Crawford, Wm. Porter; Master Simms, Coxswain.

In the evening, at the theatre, Mrs. HART presented, in the presence of a most crowded and fashionable audience, the Prize to Capt. C. M. Curtis, who was deputed by the Minerva Club to receive it, with the following appropriate and highly complimentary remarks:—

SIR,—In presenting you the Prize which you have this day so nobly won, I take a pleasure in saying, I am proud that the mantle of victory has fallen upon those whose gallantry so well deserves it.

To which Capt. Curtis, on receiving the Prize replied:—

LADY,—The honor of receiving our reward from your hands most amply repay us for our toil. Allow us to say, although we bear away the Prize, yet our competitors were not less worthy or ungallant, but more unfortunate than ourselves.

JAMES HARPER, A. CUMMING, WM. T. GOULD, Judges.

City of Toronto and York County Race Meeting.

OVER Simcoe Chace Course, on Wednesday the 6th, Thursday 7th, and Friday the 8th, days of September, 1837.

STEWARDS.

George Gurnett, Esq., Mayor of the City.	Captain Maitland, 24th Regiment.
Thomas McGrath, Esq.	Captain Strachan.
Charles Heath, Esq.	J. R. McKnight, Esq.
Alexander Buchanan, Esq.	George Duggan, jr. Esq.
George D. Wells, Esq.	G. B. Willard, Esq.

For further particulars, as to Stakes, Plates, and Purses, (which will be handsome,) see future advertisements. JOHN MAITLAND, Esq., *Sec'y and Treas'r.*

ROBERT BLEVINS, Esq., *Clerk of the Course.*

N.B. Early notice is hereby given, that no horse will be allowed to start, unless the rider turns out in full jockey style.

Toronto, June 20, 1837. [Ju29]

CUTLERY ESTABLISHMENT, No. 9 ASTOR HOUSE.

THE Subscribers offer for sale one of the choicest assortments of the following goods ever imported into the United States.

Sets New Market Trimming Scissors.
Clipping Scissors and Shears.
Farriers' Drawing Knives, Searchers, &c. &c.
"Long's celebrated London Lancets."
Fleams, Lancets, and Pocket Horse Pricks.
Sportsmens' Portable Table Cutlery.
Marooning Cases Complete.
Hunting and Fishing Knives in great variety.
Cork-screws, Boot Hooks, Champagne Openers.
Silver, Pearl, and Ivory Handle Table Cutlery.
" " Plated on Steel, with or without Forks.
Carving Knives, Slicers, and Cooks' Knives
One Real Manton Double Barrel Gun.
Two Pair Real Manton Duelling Pistols.

The Trade supplied either from the shelves or by the Package.

[Ju29-4t] GRAVELEY & WREAKS.

COLT FOR SALE.

FOR SALE, a 3 year old colt, of a rich brown color, fifteen and a half hands high, full, and very handsome. He was got by Eclipse Lightfoot, out of Grand Duchess, the dam of Busiris. C. IRVINE.

Philadelphia, July 22, 1837. [Ju29]

SWEEPSTAKES—FAIRFIELD, Va.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Fall meeting, 1837, Two mile heats; ent. $200; 3 subs. and closed.

A Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, Autumn of 1837, One mile out; ent. $100, h. ft. The same entries to be made for a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring, 1838, Mile heats; ent. $200, h. ft. To name and close 15th Aug. Now 2 subs.

A Post Stake, Two mile heats, for 4 yr. olds; ent. $200, p.p.; the Autumn of 1837. Three subs. and closed—Fall meeting.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring meeting of 1838, out of mares that never won a race, nor produced a winner; Mile heats; ent. $150, ft. $100. To name and close 1st March, 1838. Now 6 subs., and promises well, as there is a large number of mares of that class. Intended entirely for "Honest Countrymen," who are "kept out of play" generally, by the "high trump."

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring, 1838; Mile heats. Ent. $200, h. ft. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring of 1839, Mile heats; ent. $1000, ft. $200; 4 or more to make a race. To name and close 1st July, 1838. Now one sub.

A Produce Stake for 3 yr. olds, Spring of 1839, Mile heats; ent. $300, ft. $100. To name and close 1st Jan., 1838. Now 7 subs.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring meeting, 1840, Mile heats; ent. $500, ft. $200. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Now 2 subs. [Ju29] JOHN S. CORBIN, *Proprietor.*

CAMDEN (S. C.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

WILL commence, on this course, on the 1st Monday in Nov. next, with a Sweepstakes, Mile heats, sub. $100, h. ft., for 3 yr. old colts and fillies. Closed with 6 subs.

1. J. J. Moore,	4. J. B. Richardson,
2. J. J. Mickle,	5. W. Hampton,
3. P. McRa,	6. A. R. Ruffin.

Tuesday.—J. C. Purse, Four mile heats; purse not less than $600.
Wednesday.—J. C. Purse, Three mile heats; purse not less than $500.
Thursday.—J. C. Purse, Two mile heats; purse not less than $350.
Friday.—J. C. Purse, Mile heats, best 3 in 5; purse not less than $350.

The following Sweepstakes come off over this course on the day preceding the annual regular races, which have been agreed upon by a convention of the different Clubs, at a meeting in Charleston, at their regular races in Feb. last, to commence on the *First Tuesday in each year:*—

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, Two mile heats; sub. $200, h. ft. Closed, for 1838.

1. J. J. Harrison, sen., names a gr. f. out of Eliza Splotch, full sister to Kite.
2. J. J. Moore names a s. f. out of Leocadia, by Alborax.
3. W. H. B. Richardson names a c. out of Venus, by Bertrand, Jun.
4. P. McRa names a b. f. out of a Financier mare, by Bertrand, Jun.
5. J. G. Winter names a b. f. out of Whisker m. (Miss Accident), by Tramp.
6. " " " b. f. out of Whisker m. (Sister Lottery), by Tramp.
7. W. Hampton names a b. f. (Imp.) out of Ada, by Emilius.
8. Paul Fitzsimons names a ch. f. (Imp.) out of Delphine, by Priam.
9. J. H. Adams names a f. (Imp.) out of Peri, by The Colonel.
10. Hamner & Gibson name a br. f. out of Fanny Green, by Virginian—Sarpedon.

A Sweepstakes for 1839, Mile heats; sub. $100, h. ft. Closed.

1. J. J. Moore names a s. f. out of Leocadia, by Non Plus.
2. J. J. Mickle names a ch. c. out of Angelica, by Yeoman.
3. P. McRa names a gr. f. out of a Financier mare, by Non Plus.
4. W. H. B. Richardson names a br. c. out of Julia, by Muckle John.
5. J. W. Cantey names a b. f. out of a Gohanna mare, by Eclipse Lightfoot.
6. A. R. Ruffin names a b. c. by Bertrand, Jun., out of Neil, by Duroc.
7. W. Hampton names a br. c. out of Emma (Imp.), by Camel.
8. " " " br. f. out of Pocahontas, by Argyle.
9. Hamner & Gibson name a s. c. out of Polly Medley, by American Eclipse.
10. M. R. Smith names produce of Mary Frances, by Argyle.

Sweepstakes for 1840, Two mile heats; sub. $200, h. ft. Closed.

1. J. J. Moore names produce of Leocadia and Rowton.
2. J. W. Cantey names produce of Gohanna mare and Godolphin.
3. W. H. B. Richardson names produce of Transport and Muckle John.
4. J. B. Richardson names produce of Julia and Muckle John.
5. P. McRa names produce of Crusader mare and Rowton.
6. " " " " " Financier mare and Rowton.
7. W. H. B. Richardson names produce of Venus and Muckle John.
8. J. G. Guignard names produce of Empress and Rowton.
9. W. Hampton names produce of Imp. Emma and Rowton.
10. " " " " " Augusta and Rowton.
11. J. C. Goode names produce of Caliope and Shark.
12. Hamner & Gibson name produce of Polly Medley and Rowton.
13. M. S. Perry names produce of Congaree mare and Godolphin.

Camden, S. C. July 18, 1837. [Ju29] J. S. NETTLES, *Sec'y and Treas'r.*

THEATRICAL NOTICE.

R. RUSSELL, the Manager of the New Orleans, Natchez, and the Louisville Theatres, can be seen between the hours of 11 and 1 o'clock of each day, at No. 9 Chatham-st. up-stairs, opposite the Park. In the absence of the subscriber, Mr. Thomas C. Graham, Treasurer of the above establishments, will be in attendance, to transact all business, &c.

None need apply but individuals of acknowledged talent.

jy22 RICHARD RUSSELL.

MOBILE AND ST. LOUIS THEATRES.

THE undersigned give this early notice that Mr. SOL SMITH will not visit New York this present summer, (as heretofore advertised,) most of the engagements for the ensuing year having been already made. Members of the profession who have business with us, will please address us at St. Louis until 25th Oct., and after that time at Mobile.

St. Louis, July 7. [Ju. 22-3t.] LUDLOW & SMITH.

FARM WANTED.

TO rent or lease, for a term of years, a farm, consisting of from 40 to 60 acres of land, in a state of cultivation, with a good house, out-houses, &c., at a reasonable rent. Should its location be adapted to keeping a public house, it would be preferred. A note addressed to C. R. T., and left at this Office, giving a description of the same, its location, the terms, &c. will be attended to. [Ju. 22.]

SWEEPSTAKES,
Over the Pharsalia Course, near Natchez, Miss.

NO. 1. Mile heats, subscription $100, forfeit $50 The second Saturday in November, 1837.

1. W. J. Minor names s. f. by Longwaist, out of Countess Bertrand, by Bertrand.
2. " " " gr. f. Gulia Grisi, by Longwaist—Jane Grey, by Orphan Boy.
3. W. H. Chambers names b. f. by Red Rover—Mary Mead, by Palafox.
4. P. Hoggatt names gr. g. by Longwaist—Piano, by Pacolet.
5. O. F. Hornsby names b. g. by Red Rover—Fenneila, by Whip.
6. F. L. Claiborne names f. by Red Rover—Wild Gazelle, by Sir William.
7. Isaac Ehnine names gr. f. by Longwaist—Minerva, by Mercury.
8. W. S. Smith names s. f. by Longwaist—Flight, by Virginian.
9. Osmun Claiborne names s. f. by Longwaist—Old Dido. [Closed.]

No. 2. For 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats; sub. $1000, ft. $250—Tuesday of the week previous to the Spring meeting of the Natchez Jockey Club in 1838.

1. Thos. J. Wells names Longitude, by Leviathan, out of Harriet, by Sir Archie.
2. " " " Jane Elliot, by Leviathan, dam by Pacolet.
3. W. J. Minor names br. c. Doncaster (imp.) by Longwaist—Lady Ern, by Muley.
4. " " " br. f. Britannia (imp.), by Muley—Nancy, Longwaist's dam.
5. A. L. Bingaman names s. c. Tishimingo, by Leviathan—Lilac's dam, by Sir Archie.
6. E. Elliot & Co. name b. f. Catherine, by Leviathan—Lucy Brooks, by Bertrand.
7. J. Duncan & J. W. Withers name ch. f. Own Sister to Linnet. [Closed.]

No. 3. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $200, ft. $100. Second Saturday in Nov. 1838.

1. F. L. Claiborne names s. c. Red Jacket, by Rattler—Wild Gazelle, by Sir William.
2. A. L. Bingaman names b. f. by Pacific—Miss Bailey—Imp. Boaster.
3. W. J. Minor names s. f. Garcia, by Longwaist—Jane Grey, by Orphan Boy.
4. " " " s. c. Native, by the Saddler—Imp. Novelty, by Blacklock.
5. A. L. Bingaman names b. f. by Bertrand—Sister to Remus, by Pacolet.
6. F. L. Claiborne names b. f. Seminola, by Tranby—Medley Mare.
7. A. L. Bingaman names gr. f. by O'Kelly—Lucy Brooks, by Bertrand.
8. W. J. Minor names b. f. by Longwaist—Countess Bertrand, by Bertrand.—[Closed.]

No. 4. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $1000, ft. $250. Second Saturday in Dec. 1838.

1. J. B. Pryor names produce of Tochechana and Leviathan.
2. W. J. Minor names s. c. Native, produce of Novelty and The Saddler.
3. " " " b. c. Glennara, produce of Nell Gwynn and Rowton.
4. S. D. Elliot names produce of Miss Bailey and Pacific.
5. F. L. Claiborne names produce of Medley Mare and Tranby.
6. A. L. Bingaman names produce of Chuckaluck and Bertrand.
7. W. H. Chambers names produce of Kate Plowden and Bertrand.
8. M. E. Boyles names produce of Ad Jackson's dam and Luzborough.
9. " " " produce of Jenny Deavers and Luzborough. [Closed.]

No. 5. Mile heats, sub. $1000, ft. $250. Monday preceding the Spring meeting of the Natchez Jockey Club, 1839.

1. A. L. Bingaman names f. foal, by Bertrand—Madge Wild Fire.
2. O. Claiborne " " " " Lisbon Maid.
3. L. Cock " " " " Sally Nailor.

Dec. 9th, 1836. [Closed.]

No. 6. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $500, ft. $200. Second Tuesday in Nov. 1839.

1. W. J. Minor names gr. c. Garrick, by Longwaist—Jane Grey.
2. A. L. Bingaman names br. c. by Leviathan—Chuckforhila, by Bertrand.
3. " " " b. f. Nehusta, by Leviathan—Own Sister to Betsey Malone.
4. Osmun Claiborne names b. c. by Leviathan—Energy, by Stockholder.
5. " " " gr. c. by Leviathan—Primrose, by Sir Henry Tonson.
6. W. J. Minor names ———

To close on the 1st of May, 1838. Gentlemen wishing to enter in this stake will please enclose their nominations (post paid) to John Routh, Esq. Natchez.

No. 7. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $300, ft. $100. First Saturday in Nov. 1838.

1. R. C. Evans names s. f. by Longwaist—Phœbe, by Bertrand.
2. A. L. Bingaman names g. c. by Medley—Fortuna, by Pacolet.
3. W. J. Minor names b. f. by Longwaist—Countess Bertrand, by Bertrand.
4. " " " s. f. Garcia, by Longwaist—Jane Grey, by Orphan Boy.

Closes on the 1st of Jan. 1838. Nominations directed as above. N. B. This Stake is free only for colts and fillies got by stallions that stood in Mississippi or Louisiana.

Pharsalia Course, Natchez, Miss., July 5, 1837.—[Ju22] A. G. McNULTY, *Proprietor.*

SWEEPSTAKES,

TO be run for this Fall, over the Jefferson (Va.) Jockey Club Track. The meeting (most probably, as usual) two weeks previous to the Washington City races. Three or more to make a race—free for all 3 year old colts and fillies that have not won stakes at fashionable courses.

1st. Two miles and repeat—entrance $250, forfeit $75.
2d. One mile and repeat—entrance $150, forfeit $50.

The entries in either stake to be made on or before the 1st of August.

Charlestown, June 29, 1837. [Ju8] WM. CROW, Jr., *Treasurer.*

CAMDEN AND PHILADELPHIA RACES.

THE FOLLOWING SWEEPSTAKES are now open to be run over the Camden and Philadelphia Course.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr olds that never won a race; Fall meeting, 1837; Mile heats. Ent. $300, ft. $100. Four or more to make a race. To close 1st Aug. Now 5 subs., viz.:

Jas. M. Selden,	Isham Puckett,
Wm. Jones,	J. S. Garrison.
A. L. Botts,	

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, (Fall meeting, 1837,) Two mile heats; ent. $500, ft. $200. To close 15th Sept.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, (Spring meeting, 1838,) $500 ent., $200 ft.; 4 or more to make a race; to close 1st Jan., 1838.

A Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, (Spring meeting, 1838,) Two mile heats; ent. $500, ft. $250; 4 or more to make a race, to close 1st Nov., 1837. Now 2 subs.

A Sweepstakes, (Fall meeting, 1838,) with colts and fillies then 3 yrs. old, Two mile heats, ent. $500, ft. $200; 4 or more to make a race, to close 1st June, 1838.

A Sweepstakes, (Spring meeting, 1839,) for colts and fillies then 3 yrs. old, Mile heats; ent. $300, ft. $100; 4 or more to make a race; to close 1st Jan., 1839.

A Sweepstakes, (Fall meeting, 1839,) for colts and fillies then 3 yrs. old, Two mile heats; ent. $500, ft. 200; 4 or more to make a race; to close 1st June, 1839.

A Sweepstakes, (Spring meeting, 1840,) for colts and fillies then 3 yrs. old, Mile heats; ent. $500, ft. $200; 4 or more to make a race; to close 1st June, 1838; to which there is now 5 subs.

A Sweepstakes, (Fall meeting, 1840,) for colts and fillies then 3 yrs. old, Two mile heats; ent. $500, ft. $200.

Philadelphia, July 6, 1837. [Ju8] W. N. FRIEND.

GREENSBORO' (Ala.) J. C. RACES,

OVER THE HENRY COURSE, will commence on the 4th Tuesday, 24th day of October next.

First Day—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, ent. $100, h. ft.: Mile heats; 3 or more to make a race. To name and close 1st September, 1837.

SUBSCRIBERS.

A. Webster. Saml. H. Early. N. B. Starke. Wm. M. Inge.

Second Day—Proprietor's Purse, $300; free for all ages; ent. $20. Two Mile heats.

Same Day—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, ent. $200, h. ft.; Two Mile heats; 3 or more to make a race. To name and close 1st September, 1837. Now one Subscriber—Wm. M. Inge.

Third Day—Jockey Club Purse, $1000; ent. $50; $200 to be awarded to the second best horse in the race, provided he saves his distance. Four Mile heats.

Fourth Day—A Poststake for 3 yr old colts and fillies; ent. $200, p. p.; Two Mile heats; now one Subscriber—Wm. A. Verell.

Same Day—A Sweepstake, free for all ages (weights for age), ent. $200, p. p.; Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Wm. H. Leland. Early & Amis. N. B. Starke. Jno. B. Jones. Wm. M. Inge.

Fifth Day—A Sweepstake for 4 yr. olds; ent. $500, p. p. Two Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Wm. A. Verell. N. B. Starke. Edw. Johnson. Levin Gale.

Any communication addressed to either of the Proprietors, Greensboro', will be attended to.

H. A. TAYLOE,
J. C. BRANCH,
Greensboro', Ala., June 22d, 1837. [Jy15] ROBT. BEVERLEY.

KENDALL COURSE—FALL MEETING, 1837.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open to be run over the above course.

1st. A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies then 3 yrs. old, Two mile heats; sub. $300, ft. $100. Three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Sept.

2d. A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies then 3 yrs. old; Two mile heats; sub. $100, h. ft. Free only for nags bred or owned in Maryland, and as far South as the Rappahannock. Three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Sept.

Spring Meeting, 1838.

3d. A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies then 3 yrs. old, Mile heats; sub. $300, ft. $100. Three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st March next.

4th. A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies then 3 yrs. old, Mile heats; sub. $100, h. ft. Free only for nags bred or owned in Maryland, and as far South as the Rappahannock. Three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st March next.

Gentlemen desirous of entering into the above stakes, will please address

JAS. B. KENDALL, *Proprietor, Baltimore.*

☞ The Fall Races will take place over this Course the Second Tuesday in October (the 10th.) [J15]

BUFFALO JOCKEY CLUB—FALL RACES, 1837.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open to be run for over this course, situated near Clarksville, Mecklenburg County, Va., at the ensuing Fall meeting.

1st. A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, ent. $200, h. ft. Two Mile heats. To name and close 1st Sept. 1837. Four or more to make a race.

2d. A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, ent. $100, h. ft. Mile heats. To name and close as above. Four or more to make a race.

3d. A Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, ent. $100, h. ft. One mile out. Colts 80lbs., fillies allowed 3lbs. To name and close as above. Three or more to make a race.

This Club has been revived the present year, with a large increase to its subscription; trainers and breeders are invited to subscribe to the above Sweepstakes. Address the subscriber, Clarksville, Va JAMES WILLIAMSON, *Proprietor.*

Mecklenburg County, July 1, 1837. [J15]

SWEEPSTAKES—MULBERRY COURSE, Va.

THE following Stakes are to be run over the Mulberry Course, near Fredericksburgh, Fall meeting, 1837, to commence the 4th Tuesday in Oct.

A Stake for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats; sub. $100, h. ft. To name and close 1st August. Four subs.

A Stake for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $100, h. ft. To name and close 1st Sept. One subscriber.

A Post Stake for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats; sub. $150. To close the evening preceding the 1st day's race.

A Post Stake free for all ages, Two mile heats; sub. $200. To close 1st Oct.

A Produce Stake for colts and fillies foaled Spring, 1838, to run Spring, 1841, then 3 years old; Mile heats; sub. $500, ft. $200. To name and close 1st Jan., 1838. Now 10 subs.

Lynchburg, July 5, 1837. [J15-tls] J. H. OLIVER, *Proprietor.*

TREE HILL (Va.) RACES.

THE following Sweepstakes are open to be run over the Tree Hill Course, Fall meeting 1837.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Two mile heats; ent. $300, ft. $100 Four or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Sept. Now one sub. and four promised.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Mile heats; ent. $200, h. ft. Four or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Sept. Expected to be large, now 1 sub.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds that never won a race prior to naming, Mile heats; ent. $100, h. ft. Four or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Sept. Several have promised to come down to this stake.

Tree Hill, June 27, 1837. [Ju8]

SWEEPSTAKES, LAFAYETTE COURSE, AUGUSTA, Ga.

WE agree to run a Sweepstakes for colts and fillies, 3 years old, over the Lafayette Course. Two mile heats, to come off the first week in December, 1837, as changed from the first week in January, 1838, by the Convention held in Charleston in February last, which changed the time of the annual races over the Lafayette Course, from the first week in J 1838, to the first week in December, 1837. Named and closed 1st March, 1837.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. John Crowell names br. f. by Stockholder, out of the dam of Bolivia.
2. Col. Wade Hampton names Imp. b. f. by Emilius, out of Elizabeth, by Rainbow.
3. Capt. James J. Harrison names full sister to Kite.
4. Messrs. Townes & Smith names ch. c. by Bertrand, jr., out of Mary Frances.
5. John Morrison names b. c. Target, by Luzborough, dam Becca, by Marquis.
6. Lewis Lovell names ch. c. John Guedron, by Bertrand, dam Pacussia.

THE following is a Stake, closed for December, 1838; $200 entrance, half forfeit.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. Hampton names Imp. b. f. Ella, by Emilius, out of Ada, sister to Augusta.
2. Col. Paul Fitzsimmons names Imp. ch. f. by Priam, out of Delphine, by Whiskey.
3. G. Edmonson names ch. c. by Leviathan, dam by Gallatin.
4. John Morrison & Co. names ch. c. Highland Henry, by Henry, dam Highland Mary.

SWEEPSTAKES now open for 1839, sub. $500, h. ft. To name and close before the first day of October, 1837, to which there are six subscribers, 3 or more to make a race.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Col. Wade Hampton.	Robert D. Glover.
Col. Joseph H. Townes.	G. Edmonson
Col. John Crowell.	John Morrison.

SWEEPSTAKES now open for December, 1840. Entrance $1000, ft. $250. Four or more to make a race. To name and close at our next December meeting. Now three subscribers, viz.:—

Augustus H. Kenan | Col. W. Hampton | Griffin Edmonson.

Augusta, Ga., May 18, 1837. [m27] JAMES LAMKIN & Co., Proprietors.

NEW ORLEANS J. C. RACES—ECLIPSE COURSE,

THE NEW ORLEANS RACES, over the Eclipse Course, will commence the first Tuesday in December, 1837, for the following purses.—

Four mile heats $3000, $500 to the second best horse.
Three mile heats $2000, $400 to the second best horse.
Two mile heats $1500, $300 to the second best horse.

Two mile heats, Plate, value $1000—5 year olds and under, their appropriate weight; 6 yr. olds and over, 100lbs. Liberal purses will be given for Mile heats and Mile heats best 3 in 5. Same purses will be given at the Spring meeting, the first Tuesday in April, 1838.

Y. N. OLIVER, *Proprietor and Treasurer.*

SWEEPSTAKES to be run over the Eclipse Course, New Orleans, Fall meeting, 1837; to commence 1st Tuesday in December.

A Post Stake for all ages, Four mile heats; sub. $5000, ft. $1000; 3 or more to make a race. To be run the Saturday previous to the first Tuesday in December. To close the 1st Sept. 1837. One subscriber.—This stake will in all probability have 6 subs.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, to run 1st day of the Fall meeting, 1837, Mile heats; sub. $1000, ft. $250; to name and close as above.

Spring meeting, 1838, to commence 1st Tuesday in April.

A Post Stake, P. P., for 3 year old colts and fillies, Mile heats; sub. $1000; 5 subs. and closed.

Sweepstakes for all ages, Three mile heats; sub. $2500, ft. $1000; 3 or more to make a race. To run the Saturday previous to the first Tuesday in April. To name and close the 1st of Jan. 1838. Address Y. N. OLIVER, New Orleans.

New Orleans, May 1, 1837. [m13]

DOCTOR CALDWELL

HAS REMOVED from Franklin, to 58 Walker-street, the residence of the late Dr. Bushe, where he will continue his practice as an operative Surgeon and Accoucheur. [J10]

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE

SPORTING, LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

A NEW VOLUME (the Seventh) of this paper was commenced on the 18th of February, 1837, being the *second* volume of a NEW SERIES, that was commenced on the 20th Feb., 1836. (The Old Series comprised Five Volumes, and a supplement of four numbers.) Great care is taken to forward THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES strongly enveloped and legibly directed, by the earliest mails, to its different subscribers throughout the Union, and particular attention is paid to its punctual and safe transmission, by ship, to foreign ports.

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